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(J. HOLMES, TONK'S COURT.)

## REVIEWS

*The British Admirals; with an Introductory View of the Naval History of England.*  
By Robert Southey, LL.D. Vol. II. London: Longman & Co.

THIS volume of Dr. Southey's truly national work continues the history of our maritime operations from the deposition of Richard II. to the defeat and dispersion of the Spanish Armada. The historian has shown us the naval power of England in its infancy; when we coasted from place to place, feared to lose sight of land, and encountered our enemies with apprehension, if not with trembling. He has also exhibited it grown into vigour and activity, and contending for victory, sometimes successfully, with other nations. In the volume before us, we are introduced to the first chief of that great maritime band of heroes, reaching down from the times of Elizabeth to our own, who established our empire on the sea. All our earlier varieties of fortune are related by the author in that quiet, clear, vigorous, and unaffected manner, in which he so much excels; and when his narrative changes into biography, we have striking incident and lively individuality of character engrafted upon the history.

We were threatened with a visit from a French army not long ago—but only threatened; in other days, the French and Spaniards united and made a descent: with what success the historian tells us:—

"The weather became favourable; they made the coast of Cornwall, captured some fishing boats, obtained from the fishermen such information as they wanted, and proceeded to attack an unfortified town, which the writer calls Chita, and describes as built on the side of a hill, with all its streets leading to the water: the place contained about 300 houses, and was very rich, being inhabited wholly by merchants and fishermen. The entrance of the port was difficult; for the tide retired with such force that the galleys would neither answer to the oars nor rudder, till it had carried them in about the distance of a crossbow-shot, when they found themselves in a port which was safe in all winds. Here they landed, slew or captured many of the inhabitants, who made a brave resistance, plundered and burnt the place, took two ships, and sent these with their lading and the spoils to Harfleur. No time was lost in this work of destruction; and it was well for the assailants that they made such speed, as they themselves acknowledged, when they saw in what numbers the country people came to assist their neighbours, and with what spirit they attacked the galleys with stones and arrows from both sides of the mouth of the harbour as they went out."

This invasion happened in 1405: the combined fleet sailed along the coast, insulting one place and attacking another; but not with impunity:—

"Pero Niño no sooner heard that he was near Arripay's place of abode, than he determined to return the visits which that corsair, as he deemed him, had paid to the Spanish coast. Accordingly they entered the harbour, and came

at daybreak in sight of Poole. The town was not walled, and a handsome tower with a cupola, which the chronicler describes, must have been erected for the sake of the view which it commanded over that beautiful inlet, not for defence. Here, as at Falmouth, the French commander thought it would be rash to attempt a landing; and when the Spaniard, as if the honour of his country required him to take some vengeance here, persisted in his purpose, Mosen Charles forbade any of his people to land with him. The Spaniards landed under the command of Pero's kinsman, Fernando Niño, with orders not to encumber themselves with plunder, but to plant their banner before the place, and set the houses on fire. One large building was maintained awhile against them; but when, after a stout resistance, they forced an entrance, the defendants escaped at the back part; and here the invaders found arms and sea stores of all kinds: they carried off what they could, and then set the storehouse on fire. By this time the English had collected, in some force, archers and men-at-arms; and having put themselves in array, they came so near that it might well be seen, says Gutierrez Diez, who was of a ruddy complexion and who of a dark one. They had taken the doors out of the houses, which they contrived, by means of supports, to place before them as pavaises, to protect them against the crossbow-shot. Under this cover the archers kept up a brisk discharge with such effect that the arbalisters dared not expose themselves, while they stooped to charge their arbalists. Many were wounded, and those whose armour protected them are described as fledged with arrows. Pero Niño seeing his people in danger, and that they were beginning to fall back, landed with the rest of his men; and the French then, notwithstanding their previous determination, hastened with all speed, like brave men, to support him. He sat up the cry of Santiago, Santiago! and the English, who by their enemies' account fought right well, were at length compelled to retreat, leaving among the slain a brother of Arripay's, a gallant man-at-arms, who distinguished himself by his great exertions before he fell."

Those who wish to know how the people of London looked when, in 1527, a Flemish vessel pursued a French one up the Thames to Tower Stairs, fighting all the way, will find it chronicled here; nay, the transaction is so singular, that we shall quote it:—

"A French crayer of thirty tons lay at Margate, watching to make prize of some Fleming that might come down the river. A crayer from Arnemuiden, which was appointed to protect the fishing-boats between Gravelines and Ostend, had come up to Gravesend to take in bread; and, having victualled, made to the seaward. Espying the French vessel, which hove toward them under a sail, the Zealanders suspected mischief, and made themselves ready. There was little difference in the size of the vessels, the Zealander being twenty-eight tons, but a considerable disparity in the crew; the French were thirty-eight in number, and the Zealander only twenty-four. When they came near enough to hail the French, the Frenchman, by way of reply, 'shot a piece of ordnance, and with that laid the Fleming aboard: and there was sore fighting, for the Frenchmen had cross-bows, and the Flemings had hand-

guns.' The French, however, when they had sufficiently tried the enemy's mettle, fell off, and would fain have been gone. 'That seeing,' says the chronicler, 'the Fleming whistled, and after the Frenchman made sail. Now, the wind was so straining east that the Frenchman could sail no whither but into the Thames, and so he did, and the Fleming followed, and before Gravesend the Fleming boarded the Frenchman, and there they fought again; but away again went the Frenchman, and the Fleming after with all his sails; and so far sailed the Frenchman, that he ran along the Tower-wharf as though he would have riven his ship; the Fleming set on, and entered the ship for anything the Frenchman could do, and cried, 'I have taken the thief!' Sir Edmund Walsingham, lieutenant of the Tower, was on the wharf, and seeing them fight, called his men, and entered the ships, and took both the captains and their men. The Fleming boldly challenged his prize, for he said that open war was between France and Flanders, and said, further, that the Frenchman was a pirate. The king's counsel took up the matter, and made an end between them."

With 1568 commences the career of our first great Admiral, Charles Howard, of Effingham. England, when Elizabeth ascended the throne, was but a secondary power by sea as well as by land; but the far-reaching wisdom of her measures, and the enterprise and intrepidity of her people, soon triumphed. Spain ruled by land and sea, and, yielding to religious zeal as well as ambition, projected the conquest of our isle, and precipitated upon us that Armada, the defeat of which saved other lands than ours from subjugation and slavery. The varied fortunes of that expedition are related here with much simplicity and truth; there is no attempt at display; no desire to exaggerate; the winds are not defrauded of the honour which they had in the discomfiture; nor are our naval commanders raised above themselves in the account of their achievements. Perhaps no action ever fought exhibited more fully the character of the English, their daring courage, their cool intrepidity, their patient valour and presence of mind. No scene was ever more sublime. The proud Armada moving along to an assured conquest, believing itself invincible in the strength of its ships, the skill of its commanders, and the disciplined valour of its mariners and soldiers, was foiled by a fleet which, in its sight, seemed fishing-boats. Assailed by innumerable weapons, it was rendered as helpless at length as a whale into which are plunged a score of harpoons.

We were as much struck with the peculiar fervour of the following prayer, as with the account of the defeat of the Armada:—

"History never impresses itself so strongly on the imagination, as when, in great emergencies, it presents us with the hopes and feelings of the people in their own words. Never, indeed, had England been threatened with an equal danger since the Norman conquest; that was a danger of which there was no general apprehension throughout the nation; nor was it in itself so formidable; and even the evils which

it brought upon the Anglo-Saxon people were light in comparison with the horrors of a Roman persecution, and a war such as that which was then raging in the Netherlands, when there were no such defensive advantages as the Netherlands possessed in their strong places and the nature of their country. If ever national prayers proceeded from the heart of a nation, it was at this momentous crisis. One of the most passionate was framed in these words: 'For preservation and success against the Spanish navy and forces. O Lord God, heavenly Father, without whose providence nothing proceedeth, and without whose mercy nothing is saved; in whose power lie the hearts of princes, and the end of all their actions; have mercy upon thine afflicted church, and especially regard Elizabeth, our most excellent queen, to whom thy dispersed flock do fly, in the anguish of their souls, and in the zeal of thy truth. Behold how the princes of the nations do band themselves against her, because she laboureth to purge thy sanctuary, and that thy holy church may live in security. Consider, O Lord, how long thy servant hath laboured to them for peace, but how proudly they prepare themselves unto battle. Arise, therefore, maintain thine own cause, and judge thou between her and her enemies. She seeketh not her own honour, but thine; nor the dominions of others, but a just defence of herself; not the shedding of Christian blood, but the saving of poor afflicted souls. Come down, therefore, come down, and deliver thy people by her. To vanquish is all one with thee, by few or by many, by want or by wealth, by weakness or by strength. O! possess the hearts of our enemies with a fear of thy servants. The cause is thine, the enemies thine, the afflicted thine: the honour, victory, and triumph shall be thine. Consider, Lord, the end of our enterprises. Be present with us in our armies, and make a joyful peace for thy Christians. And now, since in this extreme necessity, thou hast put into the heart of thy servant Deborah, to provide strength to withstand the pride of Sisera and his adherents, bless thou all her forces by sea and land. Grant all her people one heart, one mind, and one strength, to defend her person, her kingdom, and thy true religion. Give unto all her council and captains, wisdom, wariness, and courage, that they may speedily prevent the devices, and valiantly withstand the forces of all our enemies; that the fame of thy Gospel may spread unto the ends of the world. We crave this in thy mercy, O heavenly Father, for the precious death of thy dear Son, Jesus Christ. Amen."

The Admiral who aided in achieving this great deliverance, was rewarded by the munificence of the Queen, and by the blessings of all true Englishmen:—

"Lord Effingham was rewarded with a pension. The queen many times commended him and the captains of her ships, as men born for the preservation of their country. A greater service it has never fallen to the lot of any Englishman to perform. 'True it is,' says Fuller, 'he was no deep seaman (not to be expected from one of his extraction); but he had skill enough to know those who had more skill than himself, and to follow their instructions, and would not starve the queen's service by feeding his own sturdy willfulness, but was ruled by the experienced in sea matters; the queen having a navy of oak, and an admiral of osier.' He did good service afterwards at Cadiz, being joint commander with the earl of Essex in that famous expedition, and, for that service, was advanced to the title of earl of Nottingham, as descended from the Mowbrays, some of whom had been earls of that county. On the apprehension of another invasion, at a time when it was known that Essex entertained rash and dangerous designs, lord Nottingham was intrusted with the

command of both fleet and army, 'with the high and very unusual title of lord lieutenant-general of all England; an office scarcely known to former, never owned of succeeding times, and which he held with almost regal authority for the space of six weeks, being sometimes with the fleet in the Downs, and sometimes on shore with the forces.' It was to him, who, the queen said, was 'born to serve and save his country,' that Essex, after his insane insurrection, yielded himself a prisoner; and to him that the queen, upon her death, made that wise and constitutional declaration concerning her successor, 'My throne has been held by princes in the way of succession, and ought not to go to any but my next and immediate heir.'"

The interest of the work will augment as it comes nearer our own times: the Blakes, the Monks, the Keppels, the Duncans, the Jervises, the Nelsons, the Collingwoods, and other maritime heroes, will call forth the unrivalled powers of the biographer.

*The Keepsake, for 1834.* Edited by F. M. Reynolds. London: Longman.

This is the Annual of the titled and the wealthy: it contains tales by lords, and poems by ladies of quality; and must, we suppose, be considered an aristocratic book. On closer inspection, we perceive in it a resemblance to a levee: here we have a bit of lovely and unsophisticated nature; there a patched, painted, and padded specimen of fashion; and, altogether, such a mixture of the clever and the dull, the meek and the impertinent, the gentle and the pompous, as show themselves before our good King and Queen when they hold court at St. James's. By some, a mere enumeration of titled contributors will be held as proof sufficient of the excellence of the work: others, who look more closely into matters, will be apt to estimate the verse and prose rather by the natural talents than the artificial rank of the writers. Those who incline to this latter mode of judgment, will perhaps agree with us in opinion, that Miss Landon has excelled her titled associates in life and character—indeed, we consider that her tale of 'The Head' is the cleverest in the volume, though the language is scarcely so quiet as we like to see, and some of the contrasts are too violent. The story of 'The Immortal' promised well in the commencement, but fell off at the close. Though 'The Sandman' is written by Lord Albert Conyngham in an unaffected manner, it ought not, as a translation, to have occupied the first place. On the whole, the literature of 'The Keepsake' is inferior to what it was during the palmy times when Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, were its vassals.

*The Comic Annual, for 1834.* By Thomas Hood. London: Tilt.

Fox, like the King, never dies. The present volume, which should, by the common course of consumption of material, be the dullest, is, perhaps, richer in racy and popular articles than its predecessors. The author would seem to have fattened upon his exertions, "as if increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on."

We can honestly say, with all our recollections of the past pleasantries fresh in our minds, we are impressed with a lively sense of the superiority over its predecessors of the present volume in original humour and

moral effect, through the great mean of pointed and agreeable satire. We shall, however, best please our readers by "leaving our damnable faces" as critics, and "beginning" as extractors.

The first article is "after Rabelais," and must be read as a whole, and by, we fear, the very readers of Rabelais, wits and humourists, to be thoroughly understood and puntingly relished. It is an admirable piece of foolery!—a mad-wag extravaganza. Lawyers and "things after their kind" (we wonder whether a pair of lawyers by the way ever entered the ark—we should think not, or the dove with the olive-branch would never have returned to it!) are made to career it rarely. To this paper we must commend our readers.

The poem of 'Over the Way' we shall give. It is one of Mr. Hood's faithful descriptions of window-attachments:—

#### Over the Way.

"I sat over against a window where there stood a pot with very pretty flowers; and I had my eyes fixed on it, when on a sudden the window opened, and a young lady appeared whose beauty struck me."—*Arabian Nights.*

Alas! the flames of an unhappy lover  
About my heart and on my vitals prey;  
I've caught a fever that I can't get over,  
Over the way!

Oh! why are eyes of hazel? noses Grecian?  
I've lost my rest by night, my peace by day,  
For want of some brown Holland or Venetian,  
Over the way!

I've gazed too often, till my heart's as lost  
As any needle in a stack of hay;  
Crosses belong to love, and mine is crossed  
Over the way!

I cannot read or write, or thoughts relax—  
Of what avail Lord Althorp or Earl Grey?  
They cannot ease me of my window-tax  
Over the way!

Even on Sunday my devotions vary,  
And from St. Bennet Fink they go astray  
To dear St. Mary Overy—the Mary  
Over the way!

Oh! if my grandmother were but a fairy,  
With magic wand, how I would beg and pray  
That she would change me into that canary  
Over the way!

I envy every thing that's near Miss Lindo,  
A pug, a poll, a squirrel, or a jay—  
Blest bluebottles! that buzz about the window  
Over the way!

Even at even, for there be no shutters,  
I see her reading on, from grave to gay,  
Some tale or poem, till the candle gutters  
Over the way!

And then—oh! then—while the clear waxen taper  
Emits, two stories high, a starlike ray,  
I see twelve auburn curls put into paper  
Over the way!

But how breathe unto her my deep regards,  
Or ask her for a whispered eye or nay,—  
Or offer her my hand, some thirty yards  
Over the way!

Cold as the pole she is to my adoring;—  
Like Captain Lyon, at Repulse's Bay,  
I meet an icy end to my exploring  
Over the way!

Each dirty little Savoyard that dances  
She looks on—Punch—or chimney-sweeps in May,  
Zounds! wherefore cannot I attract her glances  
Over the way!

Half out she leans to watch a tumbling brat,  
Or yelping cur, run over by a dray;  
But I'm in love—she never pities that!  
Over the way!

I go to the same church—a love lost labour;  
Haunt all her walks, and dodge her at the play;  
She does not seem to know she has a neighbour  
Over the way!

At private theatres she never acts:  
No Crown and Anchor balls her fancy sway;  
She never visits gentlemen with tracts  
Over the way!

To billets-doux by post she shows no favour—  
In short, there is no plot that I can lay  
To break my window-pains to my enslaver  
Over the way!

I play the flute—she heeds not my chromatics—  
No friend an introduction can purvey;  
I wish a fire would break out in the attic  
Over the way!

My wasted form ought of itself to touch her;  
My baker feels my appetite's decay;  
And as for butcher's meat—oh! she's my butcher  
Over the way!

At beef I turn; at lamb or veal I pout;  
I never ring now to bring up the tray;  
My stomach grumbles at my dining out  
Over the way!

I'm weary of my life: without regret  
I could resign this miserable clay  
To lie within that box of mignonette  
Over the way!

I've fitted bullets to my pistol-lore;  
I've rowed at times to rush where trumpets bray,  
Quite sick of number one—and number four  
Over the way!

Sometimes my fancy builds up castles airy,  
Sometimes it only paints a ferme ornée,  
A horse—a cow—six fowls—a pig—and Mary,  
Over the way!

Sometimes I dream of her in bridal white,  
Standing before the altar, like a fay;  
Sometimes of balls, and neighbourly invite  
Over the way!

I've coo'd with her in dreams, like any turtle,  
I've snatch'd her from the Clyde, the Tweed, and  
Tay;

Thrice I have made a grove of that one myrtle  
Over the way!

Thrice I have rowed her in a fairy shallop,  
Thrice raced to Greta in a neat "po-shay,"  
And shower'd crowns to make the horses gallop  
Over the way!

And thrice I've started up from dreams appalling  
Of killing rivals in a bloody fray—  
There is a young man very fond of calling  
Over the way!

Oh! happy man—above all Kings in glory,  
Whoever in her ear may say his say,  
And add a tale of love to that one story  
Over the way!

Nabob of Arcot—Despot of Japan—  
Sultan of Persia—Emperor of Cathay—  
Much rather would I be the happy man  
Over the way!

With such a lot my heart would be in clover—  
But what—O horror!—what do I survey!  
Postilions and white favours—all is over  
Over the way!

The hit at the sloe-juice—not the port  
wine, but the British tea—is capital. It is  
in the shape of an eclogue.

CIVIS.—With submission, Sylvanus, your  
better judgment, I should have taken this same  
Locust, from your description, to have been  
actually a mere human boy.

SYLVANUS.—Between ourselves, he was—  
though of what nation or parentage I know not.  
To use his own heathenish jargon, he was doing  
'a morning fake on the picking lay for a cove  
wot add a teachin' in the monkey.'

CIV.—A strange gibberish, but I do remem-  
ber that Peter the Wild Boy was wont to dis-  
course in the same uncouth fashion. Poor  
savage of the woods! I do feel for his pitiful  
estate; but what could move him to pluck off  
all the green emeralds of the Forest?

SYL.—To make sham Hyson and mock Sou-  
chong. Even in June you would have deemed  
it was November, there were so many ragged  
Guys collecting gunpowder. Oh Civis, thou  
hast no notion of the tea-trade that hath been  
carried on in these parts. Many times I have  
believed myself to be dwelling in Canton, and  
that my name was Hum. Thrice I have caught  
myself marvelling at the huge feet of Mrs. S.,  
and have groped behind my nape for the national  
pigtail.

CIV.—Sylvanus, spare me. I have but one  
green week in the year, and here it is all blotted  
out of the calendar. I pray you do not jest  
with me. What hath become of the leaves of  
yon sycamore?

SYL.—Plucked by a Blackamoor who pre-  
ferred it to the climbing of chimneys.

CIV.—And yonder Ashes, which I could  
mourn for in appropriate sackcloth?

SYL.—Stripped by the select young gentle-  
men of Seneca-house, who left the politer  
branches of education for the purpose. Scholars,  
you know, will play truant gratis, and these had  
the opportunity of performing it at twopence

the hour. One Saturday they did turn their  
half holiday into a whole one, and were found  
by the geographical master picking Chinese  
Pekoe and Padre on the sloe bushes and wil-  
lows of Peckham Rye.

CIV.—Oh, my Sylvanus, such then is the  
cause of the desolation I survey. To think that  
I may have myself helped to swallow the verdure  
that I should now be sitting under. That the  
green Druidical leaves, instead of clothing the  
Dryads, should be assisting in the sweeping of  
my own Kidderminster carpets!

SYL.—Verily so it is. The great god Pan is  
dead, and Pot will reign in his stead.

CIV.—Such a misfortune was never before  
read in a tea-cup! Oh, my Sylvanus, what is  
to become of patriotism or love of the country,  
when the best part of the country is turned to  
grouts?

SYL.—I have heard by way of rumour that  
Miss Shakerly of our village attributes her  
palsy to a dash of aspen in her British Congo;  
indeed there be shrewd doubts abroad whether  
the great Projector hath been at all reforming  
by turning over a new leaf. Mr. Fairday, the  
notable chemist, hath sworn solemnly on his  
affidavit, that the tea is strongly emetical, having  
always acted upon his stomach as tea and turn  
out.

CIV.—Of a verity it ought to be tested by the  
doctors.

SYL.—They have tested it, and tasted it to  
boot. Dr. Budd, the Pennyroyal Professor of  
Botany, hath ranked it with the rankest of  
poisons, after experimenting its destructive vir-  
tues on select tea parties of his relations and  
friends.

CIV.—And I doubt not Dr. Rudd, of the  
same Royal College, hath added a confirmation  
to this christening.

SYL.—You know the proverb. Doctors'  
opinions do not keep step, or match together,  
better than their horses. Dr. Rudd hath given  
this beverage with cream of tartar and sugar of  
lead to consumptives, and hath satisfied himself  
morally and physically that phthisis does not  
begin with tea.

CIV.—Dr. Rudd is an ass! Oh, my Sylvanus,  
I am sick at heart! Only two days since I  
did purchase a delectable book of poems, called  
'Foliage,' purposely to read under your trees,  
but how can I enjoy it, when the very foliage of  
nature is, as the booksellers say, out of print.  
'Bare ruin'd' quires where late the sweet birds  
sung.'

SYL.—My friend, take comfort. This tea-tray  
will not be brought up another year, for the  
counterfeit herb hath all been seized, and con-  
demned to be burnt in the yard of the Excise.

CIV.—I am glad o'nt, for it will be, as the  
French say, 'a feu-de-joie'; and verily all the  
little singing-birds ought to collect on the chim-  
ney-pots to chaunt a Tea Deum. In the mean-  
time I must borrow Job's patience under my  
boils, though they be of the size of kettles, and  
have boiled away my summer at a gallop. Pos-  
sibly you may have fewer locusts another  
season; but by way of precaution, the next time I  
come down by the stage I shall attend to an old  
stage direction in Macbeth, namely, 'Enter the  
army with their green boughs in their hands.'

The Fancy Fair in the hands of a real Lad  
of the Fancy is "redolent of youth and joy."  
The Letter of the countryman, who journeys  
up to the fair, thinking it is a fair, and con-  
trasts it with the genuine business at "Goose  
Green," is genuine satire:—

"HONNOR SUR, —Dont no if you Be a Ham-  
shire man, or a man atatch to the fancy, but as  
Both such myself, have took the libberty, to  
write about what is no joke. Of coarse alude  
to being Hoaxt up to Lonnnon, to sea a fair no  
fair at all and About as much fancy as you mite  
fancy on the pint of a pin.—

"Have foller'd the Fancy, ever since cumming  
of Age, and bean to every Puglistical fite, from  
the Gaim Chicking down to the fite last weak.  
Have bated Buls drawd Baggars, and Kild rats  
myself meening to say with my hone Dogs.  
Ought to no wot Fancy his. Self prays is no  
re-comendation But have bean at every Fair  
Waik or Revvie in England. Ought to no then  
wot a Fare is.

"Has for the Lonnnon job—could Sea nothin  
like Fancy and nothing like fare. Only a Toy  
shop out of Town with a gals skool looking after  
it, without a Guvverness and all oglein like  
Winkin. Lots of the fare sects but no thimbel  
rig, no priking in the garter no nothing. Am  
blest if our hone little Fare down at Goos Green  
dont lick it all to Styx. Bulbeating, Bagger-  
drawing, Cugglepleying, Rastlin, a Sopped pig-  
tale, a Mane of Cox Jackasreacing jumpin in  
Sax and a grand Sire Peal of Trouble Bobs  
puld by the College youths by way of givin a  
Bells Life to the hole. Call that Fancy. Too  
Wild Best Shoes, fore theaters besides a Horse-  
play a Dwarf a She Giant a fat Child a prize ox  
five cariboo savidges a lurned Pigg an Albany  
with white Hares a real See Murmad a Fir Eater  
and lots of Punshes and Juddis. Call that a  
Fare.

"Now for Lonnnon. No Sanderses—no Rich-  
ardsens no wumwills menageris no backy boxis  
to shy for—no lucky Boxis. No poster makin  
no jugling or Dancing. Prest one yung laidy  
in ruge cheeks and trowers very civelly For a  
bit of a caper on the tit rope—But miss got  
on the hi rop, and calld for a conestubble.  
Askt annother in a ridding habbit for the faver  
of a little horsmunship and got kicked out of  
her Booth. Goos Green for my munny! Saw  
a yung laidy there that swallerd a Sord and  
wasnt too Partickler to jump through a hoop,  
Dutchesses look dull after that at a Fare. Ver-  
ry dignified, but Prefer the Wax Work, as a  
Show. Dont sea anny think in Watch Pappers  
cut out by Countisses that have been born with  
all their harms and legs—not Miss Biffins.

"Must say one thing for Goos Green. Never  
got my pocket pict xcept at Lonnnon—am sorry  
to say lost my Reader and Ticker and every  
Dump I had let alone a single sovran. And  
lost the best part of that besides to a Yung  
Laidy that never gave change. Greenish enuf  
says you for my Tim of Day but I was gammund  
by the baggidge to bye five shillin Pin Cushions.  
Wish Charrity had stayd at Hoam! The ould  
Mare got a coald by waiting outside And the  
five Charrity pincushins hadn't Bran enuf in  
their hole boddys to make her a Mash.

"Am told the Hospittle don't clear anny grate  
profits after all is dun and Like enuff. A fare  
should be a Fare and fokes at Room ought to do  
as Room does. Have a notion Peecassis that  
keep Booths wood take moor Munny if they  
wasn't abuv having the dubble drums and speakin  
trumpets and gongs. Theres nothin like goin  
the hole Hog!

"Shall be happy, sur, to sea You at Goos Green  
next fare and pint out the Differince. Maybe  
in Flurtashun, and Matchnacking and getting  
off Dorters along with the dolls we ar a littel cut  
out, but for Ginuen Fancy and Fun and Fair  
Play its a mear Green Goos to Goos Green.

"Remain Sur,

"Your humbel tu command,  
"JACOB GILES.

"P.S. Think Vallintins day wood be a Good  
fixter for next Fancy Fare. Shant say why.  
Sniff sumthing of the kind goin on amung our  
hone Gals—Polly as just begd a sak of bran and  
she dont keap rabbits. Pincushins and nothin  
else. Tother day cum across a large Watchpokit  
and suspect Mrs. G is at the Bottom of it. No  
churnin buttur no packin eggs no setten Hens  
and crammin Turkis—All snipin ribbons fold-  
ing papper sowin up satten and splitting hole



trusses of straw. Am blest if its for litterin down Horsis. Dont no how its all to be got to markit at Lonnon, the nine Gals and all 'cept its by a Pickfurd Van."

The 'Death of the Dominie' is excellent in pathos, as well as humour. But the 'Ode to Sir Andrew Agnew' is, perhaps, the most useful pleasantry in the volume. With an extract from this, we must, for the present, request our readers to be satisfied. We might fill our double number with quotation—but author and publisher might well complain.

O Andrew Fairservice,—but I beg pardon,  
You never labour'd in Di Vernon's garden,  
On curly kale and cabbages intent,—  
Andrew Churchservice was the thing I meant,—

When people talk, as talk they will,

About your bill,  
They say, among their other jibes and small jeers,  
That, if you had your way,  
You'd make the seventh day,  
As overbearing as the Dey of Algiers.

Talk of converting Blacks—

By your attacks,  
You make a thing so horrible of one day,  
Each nigger, they will bet a something tidy,  
Would rather be a heathenish Man Friday,  
Than your Man Sunday!

So poor men speak,  
Who, once a week,  
P'rhaps, after weaving artificial flowers,  
Can snatch a glance of Nature's kinder bowers,  
And revel in a bloom.

That is not of the loom,  
Making the earth, the streams, the skies, the trees,  
A Chapel of Ease.

Whereas, as you would plan it,  
Wall'd in with hard Scotch granite,



FANCY PORTRAIT.  
SIR ANDREW WITH HIS BILL.



THE OPENING OF MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

People all day should look to their behaviours;—  
But though there be, as Shakespeare owns,  
"Sermons in stones,"  
Zounds! Would you have us work at them like pa-  
vours?

Spontaneous is pure devotion's fire;  
And in a green wood many a soul has built  
A new Church, with a fir-tree for its spire,  
Where Sin has prayed for peace, and wept for guilt,  
Better than if an architect the plan drew;  
We know of old how medicines were back'd,  
But true Religion needs not to be quack'd  
By an Un-merry Andrew!

But there's a sect of Deists, and their creed  
Is D—ing other people to be d—d,—  
Yea, all that are not of their saintly level,  
They make a pious point  
To send, with an "aroint,"  
Down to that great Filhellénist, the Devil.  
To such, a ramble by the River Lea  
Is really treading on the "Banks of D—."

Go down to Margate, wisest of law-makers,  
And say unto the sea, as Canute did,  
(Of course the sea will do as it is bid.)  
"This is the Sabbath—let there be no Breakers!"  
Seek London's Bishop, on some Sunday morn,  
And try him with your tenets to inoculate,—  
Abuse his fine souchong, and say in scorn,  
"This is not Churchman's Chocolate!"

Or, seek Dissenters at their mid-day meal,  
And read them from their Sabbath Bill some passages,  
And while they eat their mutton, beef, and veal,  
Shout out with holy zeal,—

"These are not Chappell's sausages!"  
Suppose your Act should act up to your will,  
Yet how will it appear to Mrs. Grundy,  
To hear you saying of this pious bill,  
'It works well—on a Sunday!'

'Tis useless to prescribe salt-cod and eggs,  
Or lay post-horses under legal fetters,

While Tattersall's on Sunday stirs its Legs,  
Folks look for good examples from their *Bettors*!  
Consider,—Acts of Parliament may bind  
A man to go where Irvings are discoursing—  
But as for forcing "proper frames of mind,"  
Minds are not *framed*, like melons, for such forcing!

Remember, as a Scottish legislator,  
The Scotch Kirk always has a Moderator;  
Meaning one need not ever be sojourning  
In a long Sermon Lane without a turning.  
Such grave old maids as Portia and Zenobia  
May like discourses with a skin of threads,  
And love a lecture for its many heads,  
But as for me, I have the Hydra-phobia.

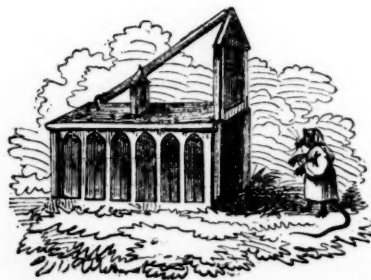
Religion one should never overdo:  
Right glad I am no minister you be,  
For you would say your service, sir, to me,  
Till I should say, "My service, sir, to you."  
Six days made all that is, you know, and then  
Came that of rest—by holy ordination,  
As if to hint unto the sons of men,  
After creation should come re-creation.  
Read right this text, and do not further search  
To make a Sunday Workhouse of the Church.

The foregoing is brave expostulation. It will do good in every way. It amuses those who seek mere amusement, and it pleasantly exposes hypocrisy and cunning. If Mr. Hood will persevere in the path which he now appears to be treading—viz. the path of the generous, manly, and merry satirist, he will do more for the good and happiness of mankind than all the preachers in existence.

We are enabled to give a few specimens of the wood-cuts, in which the great and original power of Mr. Hood so pointedly distinguishes itself.



THE BATH GUIDE.



LA TRAPPE.



*Napoleone, Poema in Dieci Canti, 1833.*  
[*Napoleon, a Poem, in Ten Cantos.*] 2  
vols. 8vo. Sold by the Principal Book-  
sellers of England, France, Italy, and  
Germany.

LUCK, says our English proverb, is a lord, and if so, the coming in the nick of time is one of the brightest balls in his coronet. Here is a poem, which, an hundred years ago, would have obtained universal attention, and have bestowed on its author a prominent place in the Temple of Fame; but, being printed in 1833, it is a day after the fair; and even the imposing name it bears on the title-page, will hardly give it a fair chance. The address to the reader contains a disquisition on the claims of this poem to be entitled an epic: for, after all that has been advanced by Classicist and by Romanticist, the *ææata questio* of what constitutes an epic, remains undecided; every one framing his own definition of the term, to suit his own views. Epic, however, or no epic, the time has passed, in which the world found pleasure in the monotony of a thousand verses all jingling to the same tune; or possessed an appetite for bolting whole cantos of Lunatic Achilles' and Pious Eneas's, at a meal. We, who have lived some fifty years, have witnessed the birth and the premature death of several of this ill-starred progeny, each, by many degrees better than the secondary epics of Greek and Roman celebrity: and yet he, among their authors, was fortunate, whose verse obtained even a transitory reading, in its passage to oblivion. It has accordingly been questioned, whether Homer and Milton would have attained immortality, had they lived and written their great epics in the present times; but the probability is, that in addressing the men of the nineteenth century, their genius would have preserved them from the trial; and that they would have struck out some newer and more appropriate way of captivating public attention, and winning their laurels. During the last century, humanity has made a vast stride; the intellect of nations has approached somewhat nearer to maturity; and they have no longer the same delight in the toys of their childhood. The *speciosa miracula* which dazzled the eyes of our forefathers in their favourite poems, have been far exceeded by the realities of our own days; and, above all, that faith is annihilated—that blind faith, which is the creature of ignorance, and without which the imagination succumbs to the judgment, and the brightest fictions lose their influence on the mind.

But if the public will no longer consent to trifle with trifles, still less will it endure a mixture of stirring realities with the cold creations of mythology. The attempt to write history in verse, and to surround real characters, whom we all have more or less personally known, with the conventional circumstances and beings of epic song, is singularly unfortunate. Not only are we too near to the times of Napoleon, to be dazzled by the halo of his poetic deification, but we are still too intimately affected by his actions, to tolerate anything concerning them, save the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; or at least, what may reasonably pass as possessing that character. Contemporary memoirs, historic documents, commentaries, and disquisitions relative to the empire, will

all find favour, in proportion to their merits and importance; but epics and allegories!—"take any form but that."

A life of Napoleon in verse, is certainly not what might have been expected at this time of day; but the fact is explained by its history. The volumes before us profess to be a translation into Italian, from the French of an unknown author; and the original is printed page by page opposite the translation. Its avowed object, as set forth in the opening words, "*Vindichero l'Eroe*," is a justification of the whole life and adventures of the man of his age, the master spirit of the latter times. If public report is to be trusted, this labour of love is the work of a near relation; it is certainly of some one, whose nearness to the hero invested the subject, thus treated, with a charm which the general reader may be slow to acknowledge. That the brother of Napoleon should become the apologist of events, *quorum pars magna fuit*, and should occupy his leisure, and appease his own mournful recollections, by stringing verses to the praise and glory of the idol of his imagination, is no more than natural. In such a case, the end sanctions the means, the man justifies the author; and criticism, as respects the poet, is disarmed, and contents itself to receive the work, for what it is,—a Bonapartist epic, written by a Bonapartist, for the use and edification of Bonapartists; without judging it by a more general canon.

Written by such a person, and under such circumstances, it will not very much surprise that the justification of Napoleon should turn out somewhat less conclusive than the author imagines. The reality of Bonaparte's actions, the magnificence of his views, and the mightiness of their results, far transcend the utmost powers of poetic decoration; and any one of his own energetic bulletins gives a loftier idea of the warrior, than could be reached by pages of the most swelling and elaborate verse. The happiest and the grandest poem would present but a miniature portrait of the mighty original, while his political errors, and imputed crimes, can neither be explained away by all the enthusiasm of Apollo, the nine Muses, and the winged steed; nor effaced by all the water of the sacred fountain. Pretty nearly all that can be known of the personal character of Napoleon Bonaparte, of his energies and of his weaknesses, of his mental or his moral peculiarities, is perhaps, already before the public; and throughout the three epochs into which the present poem is divided, of "Bonaparte General," "Bonaparte Consul," and "Napoleon Emperor,"—there is not a trait which is either new to history, or placed by the poet in a novel light. This is not, however, his fault: what is wanting to a juster appreciation of the life and labours of the singular being in question, is a point of view sufficiently remote to disengage the subject from the mists of passion and of prejudice, in which it is enveloped. But, to this point, contemporaries cannot attain. The revolution over which Napoleon exercised so decided an influence, is as yet incomplete. Events are still in course of passage, of which his life was but the prelude and preparation; and they who are still suffering or enjoying the immediate results of his actions, will think as they feel, and exaggerate Napoleon into a god or a demon. An individual so near and so dear to the great protagonist as his present panegyrist, could with difficulty even perceive

the light in which some of his actions have been viewed by less friendly beholders; and the defect of the vindication is, that it frequently passes over disputed points in silence, or touches on them so lightly, as to appear purposely to avoid discussion. On the subject, for instance, of Sir R. Wilson's charge of poisoning, (a charge, by the way, on which the public has already decided,) it is no justification to say, "But if calumny is to be believed, he himself shortened the lives of his soldiers. Rise, generous spirits, quit your tombs, to lift your voice in favour of the hero: and you, living witnesses of a fact that has been discoloured, defend virtue from the traits of imposture." Concerning the Duke d'Enghien, there is not a word; probably, on the wise principle of—"Least said, soonest mended." On the Emperor's second marriage, an important truth is glanced at, in the remark, that, "inconstant fortune in raising him (by new conquests) to greater heights, prepares in secret a signal fall." The most clear-sighted of Napoleon's admirers, even at the moment, dated his decline from the epoch of his ill-fated alliance with the feeble, and therefore false and fickle family of Hapsburg. Of the Emperor's divorce, the defence is so lame, as to render the passage prosaic by mere want of moral logic. "But can he, the hero, think of bursting bonds consecrated by the christian law, with an oath? He can,—he ought; a sterile bed leaves too much peril to abandoned France. The offspring of a more fruitful branch, can alone oppose the necessary barrier to the efforts of intrigue and treason. The son will consolidate the work of the father."

So, too, the author justifies the erection of the Empire. "The Consulate," he says, "an improvement on the Directory, might finish with its founder, or pass into the hands of a feeble successor. It offered not the security which is afforded by the concentration of power in an individual." Was there, then, less probability that a son of Napoleon, born and bred in the atmosphere of a court, should turn out a feeble successor, than the man whom chance (to say nothing of calculation) might have preferred to the Consulate? Or, to go to a higher principle—was it marching with the spirit of the age, to unite the destinies of regenerated France with every corruption of legitimate misrule? or was it a policy, likely to be justified by events, which was founded on a violation of justice, and the trampling on the best feelings of our common nature? Events have already decided this question, and determined that the divorce was a gross political error—an act of cold, barbarous, and mischievous egotism. With respect to Marie Louise, the author has indulged in two signal departures from historic truth; or, at least, from what is commonly so received. He makes her marriage with Napoleon the result of her own suggestion, a spontaneous effort to relieve her imperial father from his difficulties, and arising out of previous admiration of Napoleon's character; and again, he paints her constant to the Emperor in his misfortunes, and interesting herself in the fate of the exile at St. Helena! These assertions, as the French newspapers say, "merit confirmation."

The whole defence of the disputed points of Napoleon's life is of the same inadequate character: yet, amidst this pervading weakness, the question, as it now stands in the

account between Napoleon and the old dynasties of Europe, is, by the mere force of simple fact, decided in his favour. Raised to the head of a great nation, at a moment when it was attacked on every side by uncompromising enemies—when it was placed under the ban of European civilization, and denied the right of choosing its own government, he again and again repelled the hostile aggressors, and planted the standard of France in their respective capitals. Again and again, using his victories with a moderation unknown to legitimate conquerors, he pardoned the offences of the helpless kings, re-seated them on their forfeited thrones, and gave them peace when he might have prescribed political annihilation. In every instance his magnanimity was misunderstood by them—his generosity repaid with ingratitude. No sooner was their territory evacuated, and the conquering armies returned to their vindicated hearths, than new coalitions were formed—new wars of extermination declared; while the Emperor, assaulted also from within, by bought insurrections and hired conspiracies, had no choice left to him but in the establishment of a military monarchy on the ruins of ancient Europe. Such is the true and only justification (if justification it be) of Napoleon's offences against French liberty and European independence. Of the war in Spain, the poet coolly remarks, "Perhaps Napoleon should have left the proud Spaniards their laws, their liberties, and the choice of their master;" and this *obiter dictum* is all that is advanced in behalf of the violence and fraud by which the Emperor sought to obtain possession of an independent kingdom. But, a strong political necessity, created by external violence, set the hand of the Frenchman against every man; for every man's hand was against him; and, if this be so, the subjugation of Spain was an act of self-defence, justifiable as an end, however criminal or impolitic the means by which it was attained.

Of the poem in itself, and as a poem, the French original is by no means deficient in that *oratorical* enthusiasm—that rhetorical force which is received on the continent as the true inspiration of the Muses: it contains passages of considerable beauty and strength, not indeed inferior to the most popular French verse writing of the day. It would not be easy for a Frenchman to touch on the gigantic wars of the empire, without taking fire at the theme, and transmitting some of the electricity of his subject to the verses it inspired. For the benefit of our French readers, the following extract is taken from the account of the fatal retreat from Russia:

Rien n'allège le poids de leur calamité :  
Consolante pitié, tendre fraternité,  
Mutuel intérêt, que le ciel seconable  
Inspire aux malheureux, qu'un même sort accable,  
Amitié généreuse, et dont la douce main  
Sur les maux des mortels verse un baume divin,  
Tout fuit, tout a péri dans ce commun naufrage,  
Chaque vers sa patrie une lucubre image :  
Leurs compagnons frappés du glaive de la mort,  
Et dont chacun s'attend à partager le sort.  
Ici, ce furieux, à son heure dernière,  
Accuse de ces maux et le ciel et la terre,  
Pousse contre ses chefs des cris injurieux,  
Et dans son désespoir, insulte même aux dieux.  
Là, ce jeune guerrier, plus touchant dans sa plainte,  
Tourne vers sa patrie une paupière teinte :  
Il murmure des noms chers à son souvenir—  
Et les murmure encore à son dernier soupir.  
Cet autre s'étendant près de son frère d'armes,  
A reposé sur lui son front baigné de larmes ;  
Et d'une prompte mort invoquant le secours,  
Attend ainsi la fin de ses malheureux jours.

Celui-ci tient du ciel un cœur plus énergique,  
Et montre dans ses maux un courage héroïque ;  
L'heure approche, il le voit, mais avec fermeté,  
Et jusqu'au dernier souffle il a toujours lutté.  
Il faut céder enfin : le mal est invincible,  
Mouvement et repos, tout lui devient pénible.  
Faible, il avance encore un pied glace, pesant ;  
La sueur de la mort couvre son corps tremblant ;  
De soupirs douloureux sa poitrine est gonflée,  
Et des pleurs du regret sa paupière voilée.  
Il pâlit, il chancelle, essaye un dernier pas,  
Et tombe enfin, couvert des ombres du trépas.

Of the translation from one foreign language into another, we are, perhaps, doubly disqualified from speaking. We may observe, however, that, notwithstanding the motto prefixed, "*Malheur aux faiseurs de traductions littérales*," the Italian version follows very closely the French; and, generally, almost line for line.

Perhaps the least effective parts of both are those *splendidi panni*, upon which the address "*al saggio lettore*" lays so much stress, and in which the author has introduced mythological personages, and the worn-out machinery of the classic system. They want, not only reality, but probability; and they shock, by a violent contrast with what is universally known to be the truth.

Due allowance being made for some inevitable nationality, a liberal English reader will find little to blame in the tone and temper of the narration, excepting only one or two tirades, such as that against the constitutional party, which the author accuses of having betrayed Napoleon in his fall. This was as unnecessary as it is untrue. The moment might not have been wisely chosen for asserting the rights of the people when an enemy was at the gates of the capital, but the liberals owed Napoleon nothing; they acted with the purest intentions; and the famous *acte additionnel* fully justifies their suspicions of the Emperor's unchangeable nature.

What is perhaps most striking in the perusal of the work before us, is the frequent and forcible manner in which it recalls to the reader, by its sentiments and phraseology, the enormous revolution in public opinion that has occurred within the short period elapsed since the fall of Napoleon. How many, too, of the stirring personages of the narration have disappeared from the mortal scene! A new generation has sprung up—new interests—new ideas—and new political combinations are forming on every side. The ever-memorable Holy Alliance, whose Machiavelism was to settle to all time the destinies of mankind, struck by the debility inherent in vice, has yielded almost without an assault, and is already virtually consigned to "the tomb of all the Capulets." The insulting cry is still ringing in our ears, which announced, that "the force was over, and that it was time to go to supper;" yet, already another act of the European revolution has been acted, greater than all that preceded it, which has disappointed all the calculations of those who, for thirty years, cheered on the nations of Europe to mutual slaughter, and has crushed for ever their last lingering hope of blinding and plundering their species.

*Journal of the Geological Society of Dublin.*  
Vol. I. Part I. Printed for the Society.

IRELAND has long lain dormant,—her scientific riches and her commercial capabilities are alike unexplored. Unhappy differences on the subjects that most warp human feelings,

and most excite human prejudices, have for ages interfered, to prevent that harmony of co-operation, that unity of purpose, so necessary for the furtherance of knowledge and the pursuit of truth. Her best and noblest spirits have either been attracted into the devious paths of faction, or, discouraged, by finding all their exertions, all their struggles, viewed through the distorting medium of party principle, have fled indignant to other and happier shores, there tossed around them the bright rays of that genius, which, when it came unto its own, its own received not. But a more auspicious day has dawned, and Science, like a giant refreshed by sleep, has awoken in all its power and vigour;—it has girded itself for the fight, and many and mighty are the spirits that have responded to its call, and arranged themselves beneath its banners. In mechanical and astronomical discoveries, they stood proudly distinguished at the late Cambridge Meeting of all that was great and illustrious in British talent; their literary periodicals, which have scarce seen a revolving sun, are respectable and prosperous; their antiquarian researches are curious and interesting; their medical transactions and journals enjoy a European fame; and the first fruits of their Geological Society, embodied in the number now before us, display that accuracy of observation and cautiousness of induction which alone can advance that deeply interesting and all absorbing science, before which, a thousand years are but as yesterday, and revolutions that have swept the surface of the globe, and prepared it for the reception of a new race, serve but to mark a single era in the councils of all-creative Wisdom.

The present number is, as it should be, devoted to the investigation of the mineral riches of Ireland. It is prefaced by an address delivered by the President, Rev. B. Lloyd, Provost T.C.D., at the first anniversary meeting of the Society, and distinguished by its clear and comprehensive views:—

"The English geologist," he observes, "expects from the natives an account of the formations of their country; and can we say that his expectations are unreasonable? And shall we be deaf to the call? Or if we are not to be induced to examine these matters as objects of science, shall we not at least regard them with the interest felt by men desirous of improving the condition of their native land; as the materials placed in our possession by Him who hath assigned to man his task, and who in subjecting the earth to his dominion, hath commanded that it should be cultivated? This command, we may be assured, was not confined to the cultivation of its surface: for though, with all the tenderness of an indulgent parent, He hath ordained that the outer mould should afford to man the supply of his first necessities, He hath assigned to further labour and investigation its abundant reward. Below the surface are treasures, which will amply recompense the labour employed in their discovery, provided that labour is skilfully directed. To furnish the lights and helps requisite for the successful conduct of such enterprise, is one of the main objects for which we are associated."

The practical utility of the science is thus one of the objects prominently held up to view; of its results in this way, we give the following interesting illustrations:—

"Furnished with its geological indications, the agriculturist knows to what causes he is to ascribe the good or bad quality of the soil, the knowledge of which is to him as useful as that

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of nosology to the physician. To both this knowledge is equally requisite in directing them to the mode of treatment: and to the cultivator of the soil, if thus enlightened, the cure is often easy. The material by which it is to be corrected or improved, is frequently to be found in the neighbourhood, and often not far beneath the surface. When the water of a district is too hard for domestic uses, the experienced geologist will readily perceive the cause in the stratum over which it passes, or through which it filters; and he knows that he can succeed in obtaining a supply of better quality, only by searching beyond the extent of those influences. He knows, that whatever substances it holds in solution, must necessarily diminish its solvent powers with respect to other substances; and as the salts, which it generally takes up in greatest abundance from the earth, are those of magnesia and of lime, it becomes obvious, that to obtain a supply of water such as may be fit for domestic purposes, he is to search for it beyond the limits of the extent of those materials. Thus, the water in the neighbourhood of York is hard, owing to gypsum. The same is true of the well water of Dublin and of London, owing to carbonate of lime. In the latter place, soft water is obtained by penetrating the bed of blue clay, which forms one of the deposits of the great London basin. The stratum of stiff blue clay being mostly of considerable thickness, preserves the water beneath from any intermixture with that above this stratum; and the water beneath, when by the most slender perforation of the London clay it is released from its confinement, mounts to the surface, and in some situations far above it."

To notice in detail all the papers, which form the body of the work, would exceed our limits: to particularize one, when all are excellent, would appear invidious. We must content ourselves with a general commendation of it to those who feel interested in geological research;—we can safely assure them, that they will find in it much valuable information, respecting a country which is still almost new to the scientific explorer.

*Christ Crucified: an Epic Poem, in Twelve Books.* By William Ellis Wall, M.A. Oxford: Parker; London, Whittaker & Co. The 'Christ Crucified,' claims rank with poems of a high order: it is a christian epic; its chief characters are powers whom we never rashly name, together with angels of light and darkness, spirits of the just, apostles and patriarchs, and it treats of the eternal welfare of man. The poem is introduced by a sensible preface, with many parts of which we cordially concur: there is much truth and little consolation for living bards, in the following classic passage:—

"At this late age, little of novelty is left to us in the scenes of nature; and the descriptions of imaginary worlds must be imagined from realities, which have already been presented in almost every point of view, in the poetry of all countries. It was not therefore without reason, that an ancient poet, who foresaw the disadvantages of writing at a remote period, felicitated himself in having been early on the path of time, before the fairest flowers of poetry had been culled from the gardens of the Muses, and the difficulty of wreathing a chaplet increased by the scarcity of materials.

"The moderns indeed possess the advantage of studying the best models of poetical art, the inimitable works of antiquity, and those productions of later ages that have been formed upon the ancient exemplars: yet this advantage, however great, is alloyed by our predecessors'

previous appropriation of the most sublime images and the grandest scenes of nature; which, as they are the first to strike contemplative minds, have of course been the earliest employed. The pictures therefore have been already drawn; and our landscapes and portraits will not only be confronted with nature, but will be brought into fatal contrast with those illustrious works, that have justly acquired the approbation of mankind. To attempt an Epic Poem however, without a free use of the same materials, both of nature and of art, which were open to our predecessors, would prove a futile undertaking. History, morals, the delineation of character, the application of dramatic life, together with the painting of nature and the creation of imaginary worlds, are all requisite materials for the Epopeia, and are useless, till they are clothed with the beauty and harmony of poetic diction."

The author has found the materials of his poem in the Scriptures, as well as the machinery: his verse sometimes reminds us of that of Cowper, and his intimacy with ancient and modern poetry has enabled him to do what the greatest have done—imitate passages which he loved, and happy turns of language. His speeches are much too long—and we question if he will find readers to peruse, without impatience, a poem which verifies large passages of Scripture, and, by repeating the trials and triumph of our Saviour, only says what we knew before. He leads us, indeed, sometimes to pastures new, and shows us strange and terrible scenes; but we arrive at the same conclusion—Satan is foiled, and the world is redeemed.

We shall transcribe one or two passages of which we approve. The solitude in which we find Satan musing on mischief to man, is well described:—

It was a place (and solitude!) might lead  
Demonic to serious thought, and musings deep!  
Here was a Desert, mountainous and wild,  
As Nature's self some fierce convulsive pang  
Had suffer'd, agoniz'd: its horrid face  
Look'd wretchedness; and Desolation lower'd  
On its scorch'd surface and its scowling rocks,  
Whose bleak summits felt the whirlwind's blast,  
Hill piled on hill, and lofty rock on rock.  
As when the sons of Earth, the Titan train,  
Heap'd Pelion on Ossa; and from thence  
Surrey'd the world subjunct, and to Heaven  
Their towering heads (presumptuous!) rear'd aloft.  
Rocks, rising rugged in chaotic piles,  
Frown'd on the sickly soil that thirsts beneath.  
Here fluctuating waves of th' arid storm  
Rise on the sandy ocean; which the winds,  
Wild whirling, raise, then hurl in hurricanes  
A dusty sleet and cutting tempest down.  
Blasted is vegetation; dewes and show'rs  
Here fall in vain; the thirsty sands they soak,  
That, bibulous, drain the fatness of the sky,  
But leave all barren still, all wild, all bare:  
Here Desolation holds her awful reign!

The scenes in which blessed spirits reside, could not but make the spirit of evil curious:

And now the mansions of the blest appear,  
The peaceful habitations of the Gods.  
Here no rough winds presume to pant on high,  
Nor clouds to float aloft, nor fleecy snow  
To flake its feathery down; but all th' expanse  
Presents one clear and cloudless crystal glass,  
For ever sparkling with celestial rays,  
And glowing ever with immortal light.  
But breathing gales, that from the amaranth  
Sip fragrance, gently waft th' immortal scent,  
Androsia round diffusing; height'ning oft  
Heaven's balmy air; not vain inhal'd, but brings  
(A living air that smells of vital fruits)  
Pleasure e'en to the wicked, by its own  
Virtue innate and natural purity.

We all know how easily Satan can change his form, and assume the port and hue of a spirit of light: he puts on the appearance of a shepherd, to persuade Judas to betray his Master: the disguise becomes him:—

Whiles thus he spake, the sneering Demon stood  
Invisible; and heard with fell delight  
His stormy speech, prelude to back to deeds  
Of evil and of death. Straight back withdrew

Th' Adversary awhile. An olive grove,  
Hard by the torrent's brink, its foliage wav'd;  
Through which a winding path, in shady maze,  
Led to the stream meand'ring through the vale.  
Here, all hypocrisy, the Demon chang'd  
His form, and art in nature's garb enrols:  
Responsive to his wish, he instant walk'd  
Transmuted; and emerges from the grove  
An artless shepherd, clad in sordid weeds,  
Rustic and poor; slowly his lonely way  
Winding along the fields, that spread beside  
The torrent's brink. Before him bounded gay  
His snowy flocks, and in his arms he bore  
A yearning orphan lamb, that bleated weak  
For its lost parent, and his shepherd's hand  
Lick'd fondling, as he dandled him along,  
And balanc'd on the other arm his crook.  
So innocent, he tow'rs the torrent walk'd,  
Or seem'd to walk: but seeming virtues shine  
As real to the eyes of all, save God.

With the description of night, with which the fifth Book commences, we shall conclude our extracts:—

Now Night her sable empire re-assumes,  
Majestic mantled in her darkling robe,  
O'er the star-sprinkled hemisphere; aloft  
Horne in her dusky car, that glow'd around  
With argent spangles. Her soft train advance;  
Pale Phoebe, and th' unnumber'd orbs that own  
Her reign alternate. Silence and placid Sleep,  
With drowsy poppy-wreaths his temples crown'd,  
And eyelids heavy with narcotic dewes,  
Attend her, vested their stoles serene,  
And sullen, solemn liveries of death.  
All hush'd the face of nature: Care forgets  
Anxiety, and on her iron couch  
Sinks into sleep: whose bland embrace enwraps  
All animated nature in her arms,  
Oblivious of all sorrows, griefs, and ills,  
Creation and all being lul'd to peace,  
No dying breeze the deadly calm disturbs  
With its uneasy breath; nor clouds obscure  
The silv'ry train of Heav'n, which spangle o'er  
The azure canopy, that glows with globes  
Of lucent lights, the pendent stars that shed  
Their twinkling rays all o'er th' ethereal vault.  
Nor less her argent lamp pale Phoebe rears,  
A circle shewn, that tips with chasten'd light  
Night's sable shroud; brightest of all the hosts  
Nocturnal, and fair limner of the dark.  
Glad Earth feels her cool influence, and respire  
(Her virent vesture hung with dewy bells)  
From Phoebus and his heat; her pointed rocks  
With silver shine, and near to metal glow,  
Whiten'd with light. These their dark shadows fling  
Into the plains, now here, now there, and trace  
Their outline: through some yawning vales the light  
Gleams pale, and, diving slant in Cedron's stream,  
Trembles with tempe'rate ray. No leaf soft wav'd  
Its verdure on the tree; so calm the scene,  
So hush'd, so tranquil, as if Nature's self  
Slept her last sleep, and never more would wake!  
Such placid rest smil'd o'er earth, air, sea, and woods,  
And their inhabitants. In their nests were hous'd  
The feath'ry tribes; and in their leafy lair  
The beasts of prey, the work of slaughter done;  
And universal silence paus'd around!

An epic poem is a serious venture in these latter days of verse; nor is the hazard the less, when the work must necessarily be compared with the majestic poetry of the Bible, and the sublime labours of Milton. The poet will find many who will think he has made too free with the word of God, though he has only related what the Scriptures say; for our own parts, we respect the author for his piety and his learning, as well as his talents, and wish his epic a gentler audience than we fear it will meet with.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'Tour of the American Lakes, and among the Indians of the North-West Territory, in 1830, &c., by C. Colton. 2 vols.—We are a little weary of books on America; but a 'Tour on the Lakes, and among the Indians,' had something of promise in it—the route seemed to lie out of the beaten track; and we turned over the leaves of the work before us with renewed curiosity: but surely never book more truly "held the word of promise to the ear and broke it to our hope." The writer, it appears, proceeded no further than a steam-boat carried him; he saw little more of the Indians than must be seen by all back-wood travellers; and he seemingly knows less than most persons,



for what he has to say might, with only decent condensation, have been compressed into twenty or thirty pages. Three-fourths, indeed, of the first, and the whole of the second volume, is most wearisome manufacture. We have, for example, a chapter entitled 'A Geographical Description of the Lakes,' written, we are honestly told, "from recollection and a glance view of the map," as if no one but the writer knew the geographical position of the lakes, or could find a map at which he might take "a glance view." Another chapter is written to prove that the Indians are descended from the ten tribes of Israel—a speculation which has not even originality to excuse its absurdity. We are also favoured with a History of Detroit, and an account of the Burning of Deersfield, which, "it is understood, happened in the early history of what was then called the British Colonies." We have a whole chapter containing 'Specimens of Indian speeches of former times,' which have been printed in a hundred different works. Specimens, too, are scattered about of the eloquence of modern times, which the author, it appears, "took down with his own hand"; but unfortunately his manuscripts "were left behind" in America, and therefore, "to supply the defect, he has taken the liberty of constructing" the speeches here given; but we are assured that he "ought to be qualified" to do this well, for an Indian chief once said to him, "You talk our talk better than we can talk it for ourselves"; which, being of opinion that most of the eloquent speeches attributed to the Indians have been "constructed" by gentlemen who had left their manuscripts behind; and that their "talk" is generally most prolix and wearisome, we sincerely believe: indeed, we doubt whether the most eloquent among them could have "spun a yarn" equal to an octavo and a half, all about nothing; or, if the writer pleases, "the policy of the American government" and the *North American Review*.

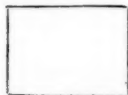
'ALDINE POETS, Vol. XXVII.—*Poems of Swift*, Vol. 1.—The hard sentence of Dryden was a just one, "Cousin Swift, thou wilt never be a poet." He is witty, clever, learned, dextrous, knowing, and ready in verse, but he wants the buoyancy and ecstasy of poetry: his rhymes are such as the stable-boy of Pegasus would have written, inspired by the heated litter of the stall. This is not the worst: he is coarse, obscene, and filthy; and has polluted more paper with these unwelcome things, than all modern poets put together. We have heard Burns and Byron complained of for this; but their impure strains are as crystal streams compared to the puddles of Swift. All this was present to the mind of Mr. Mitford, when he extracted the present memoir out of the narrative of Johnson, and the account of Scott. He has not shut his eyes to the detestable shuffling, both in politics and love, of Swift, and he has exposed his utter selfishness in many matters accounted national. If the verse of Swift is little to our taste, his prose merits all our praise, though, frequently, indeed, hard and dry, it is always full of meaning; he scorns the ordinary embellishments, and that poetic licence of expression which custom has sanctioned, and desires to bear all down by the weight of thought and expression. Take a sentence from Moore's Life of Sheridan, and a period from Swift's Memoirs of a Cavalier, and compare them—the naked vigour of the one, and the ornamented elegance of the other, will place the writers at the very east and west of composition. This volume has been arranged carefully, nor has the taste of the editor eclipsed that of the printer—the type is clear and neat, and the paper good.

'Caspar Hauser. An Account of an Individual kept in a dungeon from early childhood, &c., by A. Von Feuerbach. 2nd edition.—The present edition contains a portrait of Caspar Hauser,

with whose extraordinary history the English public were first made acquainted through the *Athenæum*, † with some few additional particulars translated from pamphlets which have subsequently appeared in Germany, and the Editor has the authority of Lord Stanhope, who we mentioned had generously adopted the youth, for stating that the account of "the leading circumstances of Caspar's case, viz., the seclusion from the world and from the works of nature, is substantially true." We shall add to this an interesting note which is appended to a clever paper, on the German Criminal Trials in the number just published of the *Law Magazine*; where speaking of the death of Feuerbach the writer observes,—Feuerbach's last work, we believe, was the well known History or Mystery of Gaspar Hauser, which is now in a fair way of elucidation. It seems that Gaspar Hauser was the product of an illicit amour; that a priest, the reputed father, took charge of the child from the moment of its birth, and finally inclosed it in a subterraneous hole or vault in a convent where he was residing: that thus imprisoned and shut out from all human intercourse, the unhappy being passed his existence until within a day or two of his being found as related in the tale, when the priest, being compelled to quit the convent, and having no other place of concealment at hand, released and left the boy to his fate. The chain of circumstantial evidence by which thus much of the story has been made out, is so well put together as to leave little doubt that the true elucidation has been hit upon. The above outline was communicated to the writer in conversation a few weeks ago by M. Klüber, the celebrated writer on Public Law, who first discovered and is still following the clue. When he has thoroughly sifted the matter, he will probably favour the public with a memoir on the subject.

'Bagshaw on Man.—In these volumes, the author has laboured, with some success, to establish some leading principles of mental and moral science on the doctrine of choice, as a resultant from opposite motives. Unfortunately he has been in too great a hurry to rush into print, and has, consequently, left some oversights and errors uncorrected, which greatly diminish the value of his work. For instance, he says, "The library of Alexandria was burned by command of Othman I, the second Caliph;" whereas every school-boy knows, or ought to know, that this library was burned in the reign of Omar, and that Othman I. was not the second Caliph.

'*Almanach auf das Jahr 1834*.—This little volume, published at Carlsruhe, has been sent to us by Mr. Schloss. If it be not the most splendid, it is assuredly the most curious of all the Annuals. It contains portraits of General Jackson, the King of Prussia, and the young King of Greece, with sixteen illustrative engravings, and a due proportion of letterpress: it is neatly bound with gilt leaves, is enclosed in a pretty case, and is after all but little larger than a lady's thumb-nail! As it is small beyond all known bibliographical proportions, and therefore beyond our power to describe, we shall give an outline of its exact size.



'*Russell's History of Modern Europe*. 4 vols.—This has long been considered as a standard work, and it is certainly beyond the reach of criticism, be it in praise or censure. The original History by Dr. Russell closed, we believe, with the year 1763—it was subsequently con-

tinued by Dr. Coote, and it is now brought down to 1832. The present is what is called a trade edition, one in which all the large booksellers have an interest, and it is creditable to their liberality—it is got up in good typographical style, with excellent paper, and each volume contains from 600 to 700 pages. We are of opinion, however, that when they determined on reprinting and perfecting the work, it would have been decidedly advisable, even for their own interest, (for it might have been judiciously curtailed) that the whole additions by Coote should have been rewritten.

'*Tom Cringle's Log*. 2 vols.—Blackwood's Magazine has spread the fame of Tom Cringle's Log far and near—it was a series of papers we have often commended; and this republication in two neat volumes cannot fail to be acceptable to the public.

'*THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY—England*, by Henry Neele, Vol. 1.—On the original publication of this work, it was commended by the critics and well received by the public; and, in consequence, we suppose, of its success, Mr. Bull proposes to issue, after the fashion of the day, in neat and cheap volumes, a new edition, with illustrations by T. Landseer. That this volume is both neat and cheap, we bear willing testimony; but the illustrations are not exactly to our taste.

'*STANDARD NOVELS. No. XXXII.—The Hunchback of Notre-Dame*, by Victor Hugo, Translated by Frederick Shoberl.—We have received a letter from the translator of Wilson's edition of 'Notre-Dame,' in which the work before us is characterized as "a wretched production—an atrocious libel on Victor Hugo," and so on, after the established usage of Grub Street rivalry. We regret this the more, because, though unknown to us even by name, we had some literary respect for the writer. Another point on which he pours out his indignation is, that Mr. Bentley has appended to the volume a string of critical opinions, which, though they relate to the merits of Victor Hugo, do so "as seen through the medium of my translation." Now the modest assumption, that the critics had never read 'Notre-Dame' until this gentleman favoured them with a translation, is about as strange a piece of nonsense as we have lately met with. But enough; the work before us does Mr. Shoberl credit. There is a starchy primness about his style, which makes the translation less spirited, less rapid, and less energetic, than that of his angry rival; but, in defiance of threatened denunciations, we shall add, that this is compensated for by a closer adherence to the original; although the translation of particular passages might be objected to in both works, if we were inclined to be minutely critical.

'*Smith's Translation of Tacitus*.—The valuable notes appended to this translation prove, that the writer has entered deeply into the spirit of Tacitus, and thoroughly appreciated the political sagacity which dictated his reflections. The version is executed with more spirit than is usually found in one so faithful. To our northern friends it is doubly commended, by containing a Gaelic version of the celebrated speech of Galgacus.

'*Verités Amusantes*.—A well-arranged selection of the most striking aphorisms in the French Classics.

'*Charge delivered by the Lord Bishop of Exeter at his Primary Visitation*.—This is a very able controversial pamphlet, in which the Bishop touches on many subjects of great interest: among others, tithes and their appropriation—translations of bishops—pluralities—ordination—and church reform generally. It certainly will not please the reformers; but no impartial man can deny that it is written with great ability.

See p. 182, 196, of the present volume.

## BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL HISTORY OF THE LITERATURE OF THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

BRITISH POETRY—Continued from No. 313, p. 721.

*The Popular Encyclopædia*. Vol. I. Part I.  
—*Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde*. Vol. I. Part II.—Both these works are based on the celebrated Conversations-Lexicon, the success of which in Germany has been without a parallel. The enterprising publishers of the Popular Encyclopædia—and enterprising they must be, to venture on competition with the Penny and Twopenny Encyclopædias with which we are deluged—have spared neither trouble nor expense in making such additions to the German work, as the progress of knowledge since its publication and the circumstances of the English public require. If completed on its present plan, it will be one of the most useful works of reference that persons who have not time for deep study can require. To the first part is prefixed a portion of an excellent dissertation on the progress of science, by Dr. T. Thomson; when this essay is complete, we purpose making it the subject of a more extended notice.

The second number of the *Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde*, maintains the character which we gave of the former number. Reinaud's oriental articles are particularly excellent; his affecting history of Ali, the son-in-law of Mohammed, is written with great tenderness of feeling. Spach's article on England and English Literature, is written in a good spirit, but it contains some very strange errors and ludicrous misprints; he attempts a classification of our modern novelists on Cuvier's most approved scientific principle, and groups together names which sound badly in companionship: Samuel Rogers is not a poet whom we would expect to see classed among the Lakists; our friend Hood will be surprised to learn that he is the same person as Hook; and the dramatic works of Joanna Baillie, Coleridge, Maturin, Barry Cornwall and Milman, range badly in the same category. The most curious misprint is *Barley Mahomet*, for *Barney Mahony*, Croker's last tale.

*Geoghegan's Succinct and Practical Observations on Blood-letting*.—Mr. Geoghegan has, it appears, written three books; we would now advise him to read one, and let it be Murray's English Grammar.

*Daniell on the Vapour-Bath*.—A useful little book for those who don't know that bleeding may be carried to excess, and that a vapour-bath is a good means of "determining to the surface"—that, we understand, is the orthodox expression. The resignation with which Mr. Daniell commits his book to "the ordeal of medical criticism," and seems to expect little short of martyrdom for propounding these two very startling propositions, is truly edifying. We scarcely think his equanimity will be tested by any attempt at contradiction.

*Dr. Every Kennedy on Obstetric Auscultation*.—Wereget that the nature of this work prevents our doing more than giving it our hearty commendation. It is an excellent condensation of all that has previously been said on the obscure subject of diagnosis of pregnancy, enriched and illustrated by the results of the author's experience, which appears to have been pretty extensive. We only beg of Doctor Kennedy to take the earliest opportunity of erasing from his pages the assertion, that "few things injure and retard science more than scientific incredulity." We can perceive that, in propounding it, he was influenced by the very amiable motive of finding some excuse for his opponents, "who not only deny the utility of auscultation as a means of exploration, but even attempt to turn it into ridicule." But this is not "scientific incredulity," but gross ignorance—ignorance of the commonest principles of acoustics. Politeness may be carried too far, when a point of practical utility is at stake. In such cases we would advise Doctor Kennedy to give things their proper names, and always "call a boat a boat."

COLERIDGE.—There are poets whose fame has arisen as much from a sense entertained of their genius as from the charms of their productions. To this class belongs Samuel Taylor Coleridge. His poems are various and unequal: sometimes vigorous and soaring; often tender and moral; frequently gentle, insinuating and persuasive, and studded all over with fine thoughts, expressed in a brief clear way. There are passages, too, of great boldness, and gushings out of a singular and whimsical fancy. On his incomparable 'Genevieve' he has lavished all the melting graces of poetry and chivalry; in his 'Ancient Mariner' he has sailed, and in his 'Christabel' flown, to the very limits of invention and belief, and in his chaunt of 'Fire, Famine and Slaughter,' he has revived the vehement strains of the sibyls, or rather furies, and given us a song worthy of the prime agents of perdition. These poems are of first-rate excellence, each after its kind; it is true that 'Christabel' is a fragment, and so peculiarly wild in conception, that it startles even poetic-minded critics; but it overflows with poetry; there are indications in it of a higher reach than the author has elsewhere ventured upon, and a vein of superstition runs through the whole, bestowing a wild supernatural grandeur upon it, which is in harmony with popular belief. The poet seems either to have exhausted his invention, or else felt conscious that he had flown too high in the regions of fancy for ordinary minds to follow him, for he stops in his aerial tour, closes the page, and refuses to make any further revelation. He seems to have had in his mind the romance of Merlin, a monkish fiction, and a fine one, but difficult to deal with in these matter-of-fact days. The 'Ancient Mariner' arises out of feelings common to our nature, and contains a lesson, and a wondrous one, on our kindness to the dumb but living creation around us. The Mariner wantonly shoots an albatross, reckoned a bird of good omen with sailors, and is punished, with all his crew, for his cruelty. The singular way in which this is told, and the superhuman adventures of the seamen and their ship, render this ballad both daring and original.

His translation of 'Wallenstein,' I have heard commended, by good judges, as superior to the drama whose language it professes to speak; and his 'Remorse,' though a play for the closet rather than the stage, has passages full of passion and fire. In prose his powers are not at all equal; he is occasionally, indeed, graphic and lively, as when he gives an account of his voyage; often dramatic, as in the description of his success as a preacher of lay sermons; but he is too frequently obscure and mystical.

He was born in the year 1773; was educated at Christ's Hospital, where he reached the rank of Grecian, and distinguished himself by his eloquence; he soon made himself known as a poet; married one of the sisters of Mrs. Southey; wrote political articles in a newspaper; delivered lectures on poetry; and published his collected works, in two beautiful volumes. He now resides near London, sees company on the Friday evenings, and sends away all strangers charmed with the eloquence of his conversation. He has written nothing of late: as his fame will be settled by his best poems, he is as sure of future reputation as any poet of this age.

LEYDEN.—The 'Scenes of Infancy,' the 'Maid,' and the 'Court of Keeldar,' will long attest the genius of which we were too early bereaved in the death of John Leyden. He was born of humble parents, near Ancrum, in the

year 1775; distinguished himself at school, not only by the facility with which he learned every task, but by a sort of impetuous enthusiasm which soon sought vent in song, and procured him the notice and friendship of Scott, then his near neighbour. He contributed the two fine ballads to which I have alluded, 'to the Minstrelsy of the Border; for fancy, fluency, and beauty, they may be compared with the best of Scott's,' though inferior in truth of manners, and in true old ballad fire. The 'Scenes of Infancy' have many picturesque passages, and record the traditions, and delineate the landscapes of pleasant Teviotdale, with equal feeling and truth; original nerve is wanting where it cannot well be dispensed with, and the work may be accused of lulling us with sweet sounds, more than elevating us with bright brief bursts of natural emotion. The miseries to which a poet, who had to trust solely for support to song, was likely to be reduced, were present to the mind of Lord Minto, when, without solicitation, he offered Leyden a situation in the East Indies; this was accepted with rapture—for the poet could do nothing in a common way—and, parting with Scott, not without tears, he sailed for his new land of promise. Sir John Malcolm has related with what assiduity Leyden set about the acquisition of the native languages, and the extraordinary ardour with which he discharged his duties. His fine genius promised to open to us the literary treasures of Persia and Hindostan, and much was looked for by all who knew him, when, in 1811, he had to unite himself to the expedition dispatched against Batavia, and fell a victim to fatigue and the wear and tear of an over-ardent mind, and a severe climate. I never heard Scott name Leyden but with an expression of regard and a moistening eye.

LAMB.—Critics are said to have checked some poetic spirits, and if this be true of any, it is of Charles Lamb, who was handled so rudely by the critics of the *Edinburgh Review*, that he forsook the Muses, and, directing his mind to prose, acquired a reputation, under the name of *Elia*, not destined soon to die or be forgotten. There is, nevertheless, much quaint feeling in his verses; he has used the style of the good old days of Elizabeth in giving form and utterance to his own emotions; and, though often unelevated and prosaic, every line is informed with thought, or with some vagrant impulse of fancy. He was born in 1755, and educated in the school of Christ's Hospital, where he was the companion of Coleridge, and distinguished for a quick apprehension and a facility in acquiring knowledge. In his earlier days he became acquainted with Southey and Wordsworth, which induced some critic, more ingenious than discerning, to number him as a follower of what is erroneously called the Lake School. The tone and impulse of the Lakers are all of our own times; the hue and impress of Lamb's verse is of another age: they are of the country, he is of the town: they treat of the affections of unsophisticated life; he gives portraits of men whose manners have undergone a city-change; records sentiments which are the true offspring of the mart and the custom-house, and attunes his measure to the harmony of other matters than musical breezes and melodious brooks. His prose essays, and sketches of men and manners, are in a bolder and happier spirit; there is a quaint vigour of language, a fanciful acuteness of observation, and such true humanities and noble sensibilities sparkling everywhere, as rank him among the most original critics of the age. Nor is he otherwise in company than he is on

paper—his wit is unwearied, and his gentleness of heart ever uppermost, save when he chooses to be sarcastic, and then he soothes whomever he offends, by some happy and unhopd for compliment.

**CAMPBELL.**—The nerve and impulse of the new school, and the polish and elegance of the old, unite in Thomas Campbell. He is of the west of Scotland, the son of a second marriage, and was born at Glasgow in 1777, when his father was seventy years of age. He went to school early, and wrote verses almost as soon as he mastered the use of his pen; at college he carried away all the prizes he contended for, much to the delight of his mother, who had become a widow, and rejoiced in the success of her only son. Having distinguished himself as a Greek scholar, where Greek is said not to abound, he obtained the situation of tutor in a family in Argyleshire. We soon afterwards find him in Edinburgh, where he was countenanced by Dr. Anderson, and had acquired celebrity as a poet through the 'Dirge of Wallace,' and other shorter pieces, handed about in manuscript. He was not more than twenty, I believe, when he published 'The Pleasures of Hope'—a poem which he shakes his head at now, but which, nevertheless, exhibits high imagination, deep sensibility, a clear eye for the picturesque, and a burning thirst for freedom, with a noble scorn for all that is sordid and slavish. His next effort was 'Lochiel and the Wizard,' with 'O'Connor's Child': the first is heroic and high-souled, the latter tender and affecting. There is a grand flow in the versification of the first; a hurrying march of words, and such an infusion of northern sentiment and manners as made it welcome through all the heathy dominions of the Gael. The 'Gertrude of Wyoming' is the poet's own favourite, and he is certainly right in his affection: there is a quiet grace, a melancholy beauty—a sort of Niobe-like suffering and sad repose about it, which open every heart, and moisten every eye. If it wants the fervour of 'Lochiel,' and even of some places of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' it abounds more with what is lastingly impressive—images of domestic gladness and scenes of retired love. His 'Theodoric,' published in 1824, shares largely in the same beauties, though less happy and natural in its delineations.

His martial lyrics have much passionate energy, united to regularity and classic elegance: a concise vigour, a glowing rapidity of words, and such liquid harmony of versification, as make them more than a match for all kindred compositions, save the 'Bruce's Address' of Burns, and the 'Donuil Dhu' of Scott. They have, likewise, a tenderness which softens the rigours of war, and calls upon us, amid the earthquake voice of victory, to sympathize with the fortunes of the vanquished or the fallen: I allude to the concluding verses of 'Hohenlinden' and 'The Battle of the Baltic,' all who read this will be at no loss to remember similar passages, connecting the sternest scenes with the gentler sympathies of life. He has not limited his studies to poetry: some ten years or more ago he published Specimens of the British Poets, accompanied with dissertations on their merits; the selections were, in general, judicious, and such as showed the peculiar talents of the writers; and the criticisms were distinguished for taste, liberality, and acuteness. He undertook a Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and dropped it after writing a score of pages: he now promises a memoir of Mrs. Siddons. He has almost given up his allegiance to the muse; but now and then verses worthy of his palmier days drop from his pen. Poland has monopolized his affections of late, and he lives in the hope of seeing a crown on her head, and Nicholas driven back to his deserts.

Campbell is of middle stature, well made, with a quick eye and a quick temper. He has been accused of absence of mind, but never of unkindness of heart. He was made Lord Rector of Glasgow by the free impulse of the youth of the West—it was a deep snow when he reached the College Green, the students were drawn up in parties, pelting one another; the poet ran into the ranks, threw several snow-balls with unerring aim; then, summoning the scholars around him in the hall, delivered a speech replete with philosophy and eloquence—it is needless to say how this was welcomed.

**MOORE.**—With all her eloquence, feeling, and fancy, Ireland contributes little—at least, less than she ought—to the imaginative literature of the empire: for what she pleases to send we are thankful—the quality is good. She has, at present, one representative at the court of Parnassus—I mean Thomas Moore. Of his personal history I know but little, of his works much. He was born in Dublin, in May 1780; and having, both by wit in conversation, and genius in verse, made himself known early, was admitted at once to the society of the courtly and the noble. The first thing I heard of him was, that he was the companion of our young nobles and the guest of the Prince of Wales; the second was, that he was the author of 'Tom Little's Poems'—in which, amid much wit and fancy, there is a colouring of licentiousness. For this he was so sternly rebuked by the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, that a hostile meeting was the consequence; with the upshot I have no further knowledge, than that the poet and critic both survived, and became intimate friends. His next work was more worthy of his talents—this was the *Songs of Ireland*: they appeared in successive numbers, and their object was, to give to the finest of the Irish airs words of corresponding sentiment, and of a national character. In this he has not always succeeded: there is a liquid ease, a dance of words, and a lyrical grace and brevity, in them all; but there is, likewise, an epigrammatic point and smartness, a courtly and a knowing air, so to speak, alien to the simplicity of the music and to the nature of song. It is true they give us much of the sparkle and the gaiety, and the complimentary mood of polite company, and have no rustic Corydons or milkmaid Phillises, or sentiments which savour of the sheep-fold and smell of tar. In one word, there is not a little affectation in them, put-on graces, and artificial raptures. These faults are nearly balanced by beauties: there are innumerable bursts of true feeling; sallies of lofty indignation against the enemies of his country, deep sympathy with her woes, fine glancings back to days of traditional splendour, and a bright hope for the future—in which, I trust, he is a true prophet. In true love, too, he has written much that is gentle and persuasive; he has pictured tenderly the soft intercourse of pure and innocent hearts, and given affection a tongue eloquent and pathetic.

His 'Lalla Rookh' is an Eastern story: "a succession of songs of varied beauty, united by prosaic bonds," in the words of a critic in the tale, who, speaking with the decision of Jeffrey, pronounces judgment on the strains as the youthful minstrel utters them, and is neither complimentary nor sparing. The shining deeds, the sparkling diamonds, the lustrous rubies, the odorous gums, and the sweet-smelling flowers, with which the whole work is bestrewn, call up the sneering mirth and the withering denunciations of this self-elected judge; and it must be confessed, that he who mimics Jeffrey stumbles sometimes upon such sharp and sagacious things as belong to the strictures of his prototype. His remorse and contrition, when he discovers, to his mortification, that he has been criticising a true prince instead of a peasant minstrel, was suggested, it

is supposed, by the change which came over the mood of the *Edinburgh Review* when it discovered that Byron was a Whig. The poem has been circulated over the world, and Moore's name is known in the uttermost ends of the earth. His satiric poems are keen and cutting—a sort of poetic nitric acid. When the Prince of Wales became Regent, he new-modelled his household, and turned a cold shoulder on many of his early companions: Moore was a sufferer, it is said, and resented it in a series of crucifying poems, which are not only popular now, but promise to continue so. In person the poet is small, dresses smartly, has a lively and bustling air, and is kind and obliging.

**WILSON.**—The west of Scotland, as I have shown, produced Burns, Grahame, and Campbell; I have now to add a fourth—John Wilson. He is a native of Paisley, and was born in May 1789. The affluent circumstances of his father enabled him to have the benefit of a classic education; he obtained the rudiments of his learning in Glasgow, and went from thence to Oxford, where he obtained prizes in his college: one of them was an essay, in verse, 'On the Merits of Ancient Sculpture'—there is a flow of words and the dawning of pure taste. He courted public attention, first, in his poem of 'The Isle of Palms': it exhibits scenes of enchanting beauty, a prodigality of loveliness united to uncommon sweetness and tranquil grace. 'The City of the Plague' succeeded: a noble and deeply pathetic poem—a picture of London, suffering under the calamity which laid her streets and squares desolate. It possesses great dramatic interest, and displays picture after picture of private suffering and public misery: the darkness is relieved by such flashes of light as few bards have at command; in the abodes of despair there are rays of hope let in—on the brink of the grave flowers of beauty are scattered; nor do we tread the floor of the charnel-house but in joy mingled with fear. His most dolorous scenes are redeemed back to our sympathy by inimitable touches of nature; and we rise from the spell of perusal sobered and elevated.

His poetical powers are very varied: that is, he can handle any subject in its own peculiar spirit. His 'Edith and Nora' is one of those fairy-fictions of which he once promised a volume; there is a wondrous beauty shed over the landscape on which he brings out his spiritual folk to sport and play, and do good deeds to men: nor has he wasted all his sweetness on the not insensible earth; he has endowed his fairies with charms from a hundred traditions, assigned them poetic and moral tasks, and poured inspiration into their speech. Another fine poem of his is 'An Address to a Wild Deer': for bounding elasticity of language, hurrying thoughts, and crowding imagery, it is without a parallel. Indeed, throughout all his smaller poems there is a deep feeling for nature; an intimate knowledge of the workings of the heart, and a liquid fluency of language almost lyrical. He is distinguished, in all his compositions, for splendour of imagination, for loftiness of thought, for sympathy with all that is grand or honourable in man, for transitions surprising and unexpected, but never forced, and for situations such as appear to an eye which sees through all nature. He may be accused sometimes of an overflow of enthusiasm about his subject; nor has he escaped from the charge of sometimes overflowing sentiments with words. In person he is the noblest looking of all our poets; in company he is free, companionable, and eloquent; never hesitates to do a good deed to a deserving person, or give the young and the meritorious a lift on the road to fame. He is a foe to all affectation, either in dress or verse, and mauls the fop of the toilet and the fop in poetry with equal wit and mercilessness.



**KIRKE WHITE.**—Most poets are of God's making, but some are, nevertheless, manufactured by man—to both we are indebted for Henry Kirke White. The story of his fortunes, his early aspirations, his desire of fame, his attempts in song, his seeking for a patron, and finding a harsh critic, his doubts in religion, the solution of those doubts, together with his merits as a man and a poet, are related by Robert Southey in a manner so artless and so moving, as would bring fame to one much less worthy than Kirke White. He was born in 1785, and died before he reached manhood: his poetry is pleasing, and his subjects are moral; he is tender and touching, and seldom wants thoughts, and never lacks language; but there is an absence of energy and originality: he is truly sincere, yet seldom fervent. His life has its lesson, and his early death its moral—let all young poets read and tremble.

**BLOOMFIELD.**—At the head of the rustic school of poetry in England, stands Robert Bloomfield: he was born in 1766, taught to read and write, then apprenticed to a shoemaker, in whose service a love of verse came on him, the first fruits of which, were 'The Farmer's Boy,' a poem which has not been untruly described as the gleanings of Thomson. This brought him patrons and public favour: he quitted his humble trade, commenced bard by profession, and produced many poems, all distinguished, like 'The Farmer's Boy,' for sweet and graceful pictures of life and nature. He has much truth and little force—clever detail, but no commanding features: has been called the English Burns, but, save in the sad humility of their fortunes, there is no more resemblance than between a canal and a torrent. With all the patronage he received, and in spite of the numerous editions of his works, he died in want, and found no one to relieve him. He was a modest and amiable man.

**BYRON.**—The cynical, sneering, and sarcastic spirit of our times—the doubting of everything, and believing in nothing—found a poet in George Gordon Lord Byron. He was born with the noblest faculties: his imagination was boundless, his intellect lofty and vigorous, his application unceasing: nor did he want a passionate energy, and a sensibility keen and acute—in short, a union of those fine qualities which fit a man for the highest flights of poetry. How and when much of this was blighted and seared, will perhaps never be discovered: of the sterner and darker parts of his character, there is no intimation in his first publication, the 'Hours of Idleness,' and the change which came over him, as a cloud comes over the sun, has been imputed to the contemptuous and unjust criticism in the *Edinburgh Review*, which nearly drove him distracted—turned his blood to gall, and dipped his pen in nitric acid, and influenced all his future compositions. This is not easily reconciled with the circumstance mentioned by Moore, that a good deal of his satire on the reviewers was written before the critique alluded to appeared: I know not how it came to pass, but it is certain, that from this period Byron became cynical and moody, and recalled too often for his own peace of mind, the language of the article, which he continued long to resent.

His high birth and singular story united in helping him on to fame. He was born in London in 1788: his father was a spendthrift and a libertine, and his mother an heiress, who paid as a penalty for her ill-placed love, her whole fortune, save some two hundred a year, on which this descendant of princes educated her only child, and maintained her household. Between the poet and a lordship many life-like people stood; but by the time he had half completed his education, relations were removed one by one, till at last the title descended to him,

and he found himself lord of Newstead, and of himself—"that heritage of woe." Like Burns, whom in many things he resembled, with him began love and poetry: when some twenty years old, he gathered his poems into a volume—the source of all his fame, and much of his sorrow: in reply to its reception from the critics of the north, wrote that sharp satire, 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' and having done so, sailed away, to give his wrath a cooling on Mount Parnassus and in the Hellespont. He was beginning to be forgotten, when he returned suddenly to England, surprised the country by the publication of 'Childe Harold,' and his whig reviewers, by siding with them in the Lords, and uttering biting speeches against the Tories. This noble poem raised him at once above criticism, and gave him rank with the highest spirits of English poesy.

From this time forward, he continued to pour his verse before the public, with a rapidity only equalled by the originality of his conceptions, and the brightness of his handling. A succession of poems, all impressed with an eastern character, and wearing the hue and lineament of the people with whom he had sojourned among the Mediterranean isles, confounded the critics, and awakened such rapturous applause as had only been heard when the Ariosto of Scotland sent forth his 'Marmion,' and 'Lady of the Lake.' Of these, 'The Giaour,' 'The Corsair,' 'The Siege of Corinth,' 'The Bride of Abydos,' and 'Lara,' appeared within a wondrous short space of time; which proves that the poet's passions, like those of another bard, raged like so many devils, till they got vent in verse. Having wearied himself rather than the public with rhyme, he took a sudden stride into the realms of blank verse, and gave us his mysterious 'Manfred,' his splendid prodigal 'Sardanapalus,' with other dramatic compositions scarcely less regal and surprising. Having on many occasions displayed an irritability of nature, and a quick susceptibility in all things personal, together with a love of showing that he was inflammable and voluptuous, his friends, in the joy with which mariners welcome a storm-tossed ship to a secure and calm anchorage, hailed his marriage with a lady reckoned every way worthy of her envied fortune. The result was unfortunate; from the moment of his marriage his muse was silent: his creditors were not so: three executions in this proud man's house invaded his studies and hurt his temper: his lady, under pretence of a journey to the country, forsook him: the world, always ready to strike the proud, and trample on the famous, assailed him with its thousand weapons, and drove him in a moment of despair from the land which gave him birth, and now inherits his glory. His course from this moment was wayward, and more like a will-o'-wisp than an inspired being: yet, between this and the grave, he wrote some of his boldest compositions; he concluded 'Childe Harold,' wrote 'Mazeppa,' and alarmed the sedate and the scrupulous with his wild 'Don Juan.' The poet seems to have been sitting between angels of light and darkness when he wrote it, and to have been influenced by the former at the rate of ten stanzas to the canto. It exhibits some of his brightest and some of his blackest moods. How he tried to restore the extinguished fire of liberty in Italy, and, with a helmet of a Spartan pattern on his head, sailed to revive heroism among the hordes of Greece—how he failed, and how he fell, have been made known to the world. He died at Missolonghi, and was buried at Newstead, after being refused admission into Westminster Abbey.

The poetry of Byron is singularly bold in conception: the thoughts are generally new and striking, and the language audaciously powerful and fluent. He looks at nature through his own eyes: he refuses to feel with others; and this is visible in the characters he employs, as well

as in thoughts on the present and the future, which he scatters always with a daring and sometimes with a profane prodigality. He has no desire to claim the virtues of mercy and generosity for his bandit heroes; he dips them in the hues of darkness, and then seeks to bring them back towards humanity, by shedding on them one ray or so of virtue, which, like a light in a charnel-house, renders all more ghastly around. His heroines are neither feminine nor natural: they seem formed on the Nut Brown Maid pattern, whom neither robbery, bloodshed, nor love elsewhere bestowed, could appal. This is an offence against the feeling and pride of woman's heart, which all the other charms in which he arrays, or the grandeur of soul with which he sometimes endows them, cannot atone for. Yet, with all the repulsiveness of his men, and the melo-dramatic sort of characters of his women, he invests them with such life—paints their thoughts so truly, and their actions with such wondrous force of light and shade, as render them welcome, with all their sins against virtue and decorum. His chief excellence is in the calm dissection of the human heart, and in expressing sentiments dark and terrible. We follow him, not through the charm of love, but the spell of fear; and while we cannot find an echo in our own hearts for a third of the fearful things he utters, we follow him still. His radical defect is a want of sympathy with universal nature: in this, the peasant Burns far surpasses the lordly Byron: the humble tiller of the ground, who had but the sweat of his brow and seven pounds a year for his inheritance, loved the earth and all that was in it, ten times more than did the Lord of Newstead, with his high rental, and pedigree reaching to the Conquest. The noble poet did not see and feel great Nature's plan, as the rustic felt it: he wrote of everything as if in scorn; he treated virtue as an accident, and error as a certainty; and his fame must pay the penalty of his pride or his presumption. We read his noblest strains with an uneasy heart and a troubled brow: those who desire to draw the honey of happiness from divine verse, will not readily obtain it in the works of the gifted Byron.

**SHELLEY.**—Percy Bysshe Shelley, one of the most inspired and unfortunate of modern poets, claimed descent from a family of old standing in England: he was born in the year 1792; acquired all knowledge on which he set his heart with great readiness, and would have finished his education in Oxford, had he not been obliged to retire from college, because of the freedom of his religious speculations. He had before this given proofs of regard for the muse, and was become known for the ardour of his verse, as well as for its mysticism. On quitting college, he married a young woman, of whose beauty he was enamoured: his love was unfortunate: she died early, not without suspicion of having suffered from a broken heart; and whatever sorrow Shelley felt at her death, was not lessened by the rigour of the law, which deprived him of the society of his children, because he believed not all that the church believed. This aided in filling his mind with gloom and resentment. He carried his feeling into his poetry, and in 'The Revolt of Islam,' and 'Prometheus Unbound,' stories which some resolve not to understand, assailed all old and established things, whether of faith or government, and called loudly for reformation and change. His admirers, in these mystic strains, perceived a high and godlike philosophy; others saw a design to overturn church and state: nor were men wanting who called the poet mad, and his verses nonsense; but the bulk of mankind agreed that the poems were rapt, fiery, and energetic. As a poet, however, he is in nearly all things too shadowy and mystical: his 'Prometheus Unbound,' for in-

stance, is a magnificent riddle. His 'Cenci,' however, comes from nature; and some of his smaller poems have a concise beauty and an antique grace about them, such as have seldom appeared since the time of Milton. He perished in a storm on the coast of Italy, and his body was burned, and the ashes placed in an urn. He was an accomplished gentleman—had great grandeur of imagination—a fine sensibility: was not without humour, and abounded in pathos, such as sinks at once to the heart.

**KEATS.**—Of John Keats no memoir has been written—which is mentioned to the reproach of good friends and gifted ones, who survive him. He was a native of London, and was born in 1796: he received a good education, and when young, chose the profession of a surgeon, which induced critics to reproach him with walking the hospitals. He gave early indications of courting the muse, and when under twenty, published a singular poem called 'Endymion,' which his admirers describe as filled with noble fancies, and dreamy and delightful. His 'Hyperion' and other works are less mystical; but they have all more or less of the obscure and the dark, save a remarkably fine fragment, called 'The Eve of St. Agnes,' founded on an inland tradition, which says, he that dares to stand at the church-yard gate on that eve, will see all the individuals who are in the following year to die, come trooping to the burial ground, in the order in which they will be buried. The Editor of the *Quarterly Review* happened to be looking out for a victim, when the works of Keats appeared: the stern son of Crispin forgot the arts which caused himself to rise, and, what was worse, overlooked the manifold beauties of the poems—he saw nothing but folly and fine words. To such a review, there was no other mode of reply but a horsewhip or a brace of pistols; and Keats had courage fit for anything: but long before the review appeared, a consumption had begun to sap the functions of life, and the young poet had, in the homely but expressive phrase, "taken death to him." A warmer climate was recommended, and he went to Italy; but the sunshine and balmy air of that land, which continues health to the slavish and the undeserving, wrought no change in Keats; he drooped and died, and was buried in the stranger's ground, as consecrated earth must not be polluted with the dust of a heretic.

**WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES** has been long and favourably known by his sonnets and short poems: they possess a quiet beauty, an easy elegance, and a truth of sentiment, which keep hold of the heart. He was one of the chief combatants in the late Pope controversy, in which all who engaged had the singular merit of being wrong: poetry is found in art as well as in nature, by those who have any wish to find it.

**WILLIAM SOTHEY** made us his debtors, by giving an English dress to 'The Oberon' of Wieland: a poem which caught the fancy and employed the pencil of Flaxman. He has lately helped us to a portion of Homer, which seems more accurate than Pope, and less graphic than Cowper: he has merit too as an original writer.

**WILLIAM CARY** is best known to the world through his incomparable translation of Dante: some of his versions of the French minor poets might be a model to all who desire to translate a poet in the spirit of his times—they are easy, fluent, and simple. He is one of the first scholars and worthiest men of the age, and for a small salary, which even Hume would desire to enlarge, takes a subordinate charge of books in the British Museum.

**WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR**, the deep-mouthed Beotian of the satire of Byron, is known to the

lovers of song, by his 'Gebir Count Julian': a work less read than it deserves, for it contains passages of peculiar force and no ordinary beauty.

**HENRY HART MILMAN's** genius inclines to the dramatic; yet, in his regular poems, amid much elaborate splendour, there are scenes of natural emotion, touching pathos and manly sentiment. His 'Samor, Lord of the Bright City,' is a British tale of a day too remote for modern sympathy; and the story of 'Belshazzar,' is familiar to all who know the Scriptures, and excites little hope in the reader—for what dare a poet do more than inspired men have already done?

**WILLIAM TENNANT**, in his very original poem of 'Amster Fair,' gave Frere and Byron more than a hint for 'Whistlecraft' and 'Beppo': nor is it unjust to say, that the imitators have not at all equalled the life, the naïveté, the ludicrous dashed with the solemn, and the witty with both, which characterize the poet of Dollor.

**LEIGH HUNT** has scarcely obtained such fame as his talents deserve. His 'Rimini,' though not without affectation, has high merit, both in conception of character, and conduct of story; there is a singular ease and richness of expression, a quick sensibility, and a ready feeling for beauty, both of nature and life; he drops in, now and then, as if by accident, a homely but expressive phrase, which awakens many fine associations. His prose is gossiping, graceful, and searching, and charms many readers.

**BRYAN WALLER PROCTOR**, better known as **BARRY CORNWALL**, has taken a strong hold of the public heart by his fine dramatic scenes, and, latterly, by his very varied and exquisite lyrics. In the former he revived the grace and natural emotion of the older dramatists; the 'Lysander and Ione' has wonderful sweetness of sentiment and fancy. His prose is simple in its construction, and has much of knowledge and nature.

**THOMAS HOOD** is, perhaps, better known to the world as a dextrous punster than as a true poet; in his 'Little Odes to Great Folks,' he dallied with words till he made them wanton, and, by the force of a peculiar fancy, compelled the language to bear the burthen of meanings alien to its nature. Yet no one could read these sprightly and laughable things without perceiving the spirit of a true poet; his 'Dream of Eugene Aram,' places him high among the bards who deal in dark and fearful things, and intimate rather than express deeds which men shudder to hear named. Some other of his poems have much tenderness, and a sense of nature animate and inanimate; but he has left the company of the serious Muse for the society of her with the light foot and the merry eye—and the world has smiled on his choice.

**WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.**—When Aaron's rod sprang out and budded, those who saw it could not marvel more at the dry timber producing leaf and bloom, than we did when Motherwell, an acute and fastidious antiquarian, appeared as a poet, original and vigorous. His lyrics are forceful and flowing—with more of the strength of Burns than of his simplicity and passion.

**ALEXANDER ALARIC WATTS** is distinguished among poets for sweetness of versification, tenderness of sentiment, with occasional bursts of true emotion. He has taste in art as well as in literature. He has wit too, and humour, and bitterness, and lately exercised them at the expense of sundry of his brethren.

**THOMAS PRINGLE** is a poet and philanthropist; in poetry he has shown a feeling for the romantic and the lovely, and in philanthropy he

has laboured to introduce liberty, knowledge, and religion, in the room of slavery and ignorance.

**WILLIAM KENNEDY**, the author of 'Fitful Fancies,' and 'The Arrow and the Rose,' has fancy and feeling, nor is he without sudden bursts of manly vigour; but he is unequal in execution, and occasionally overstrained in language.

**ROBERT MONTGOMERY** is a poet at once devout and satirical. He has been sternly censured and highly praised; his chief fault lies in choosing topics too holy and heavy for human handling, and his chief merit is fluency of language and moral fervour of thought.

**ALFRED TENNYSON** has a happy fancy; his originality of thought is sometimes deformed by oddity of language; and his subject has not unfrequently to bear the weight of sentiments which spring not naturally from it. He has lyrical ease and vigour, and is looked upon by sundry critics as the chief living hope of the Muse.

**EBENEZER ELLIOT** has sung of that public grievance, the Corn Laws, with the bitter energy of a man famishing on the highways. He heaps up images of scorn and loathing till he approaches the sublime. There is much truth amidst his satire, and many moving passages mingled with his invectives. But when the price of corn falls, the fame of the poet will fall in proportion, for such is the penalty paid for pouring out fancy and feeling and sarcasm on fleeting matters. He has, however, other chances of reputation; some of his pictures of domestic life are graphic and forceful; he has inherited not a little of the power of Crabbe—and, like Crabbe too, he sees the dark side of all things, and comes to the peasantry of his country, like the priest in Burghs, with tidings not of hope, but damnation.

**GEORGE DARLEY** is a true poet and excellent mathematician: there is much compact and graceful poetry in his 'May Queen;' and, in 'The Olympian Revels,' a dramatic freedom and fervour too seldom seen in song.

There are other bards of these latter times, who have sung well and found listeners, and who deserve a place even in a brief account like this: Croly, and Clare, and Moir, and Malcolm, ought not to be forgotten, when the labours of the Muse are mentioned; and others, also; but I have already said too much about the sons of song; besides, a weariness of soul has come upon me, for I have not been insensible of a gradual descent from the commanding heights of genius on which I took up my subject. I must not, however, close accounts with poetry without introducing some of those female spirits who sing with energy as well as grace, and hang the garlands of their fancy on the highest altars of the Muse.

**JOANNA BAILLIE.**—"Sister Joanna," as Walter Scott loved to call her, is a poetess of a high order; she is at once vigorous and gentle, sarcastic and moving, homely and heroic. Her genius is of the dramatic kind, and her 'Plays on the Passions,' display such variety of powers as have obtained her the name of the Female Shakspeare. Her regular poems abound in noble sentiments, and her songs have all the life, humour, and simplicity of the early Scottish lyrics. In conversation she is shrewd, lively, and agreeable, and her looks are full of genius. I have never seen either a bust or a portrait of her, and this is the more to be lamented, since she stands not only at the head of female writers, but takes precedence of many of the "lords of the creation," both in quickness of imagination and massive grandeur of thought.

FELICIA HEMANS is the authoress of many a plaintive and mournful strain. She has shown high sentiment and heroic feelings occasionally, but her affections are with the gentle, the meek, and the wounded in spirit. It ought to be remembered, that in the strife of song she vanquished all the male professors who entered the lists. Some one who desired to do a good deed to the Muse, offered fifty pounds for the best poem on the memorable conference which ensued between Wallace and Bruce, after the fatal fight of Falkirk. There were many competitors; the Muse, with the waywardness of her sex, refused her effectual aid to any save Felicia, and enabled her to carry away the money and the fame. Her genius is of the domestic kind, and her best songs are rightly named of the "Affections."

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON is, next to "Sister Joanna," the most successful poetess of our day. She is the L. E. L. of many a pretty poem: nor has she sung only a tender ditty or two, and then shut her lips to listen to the applause they brought; she has written much; sometimes loftily, sometimes touchingly, and always fluently and gracefully. She excels in short and neat things; yet she has poured out her fancy and her feelings through the evolutions of a continuous narrative and intricate story. The flow of her language is remarkable; her fancy is ever ready and never extravagant. Her chief works are 'The Improvisatrice,' and 'The Venetian Bracelet'; nor has she hesitated to try her hand in prose also, and in a long story: 'Romance and Reality' displays ready wit, much sprightliness, and an extensive acquaintance with the world. She is young; pleasing, too, in company, and lively without effort.

MARY HOWITT has shown herself mistress of every string of the minstrel lyre, save that which sounds of broil and bloodshed. There is more of the old ballad simplicity in her compositions than can be found in the strains of any living poet besides; her language is vigorous, but not swelling; and always subordinate to the sentiments, whether of tenderness or of love.

On looking at the splendid and varied poetical productions of the last fifty years, and comparing them with the works of the first great era of British song, I cannot help perceiving a falling off. We have, it is true, fewer learned allusions; less classical copyism; nor is our verse swelling with gods and goddesses; Venus and Cupid no longer manage the affairs of love; but we have less noble emotion, lower flights of fancy, and little rejoicing in nature's joy; the Muse refuses to skip like a roe on the mountains, but is inclined to be moody and discontented; she sings in a strain sneering and dolorous; she is sensible, in fact, of the low estate of the inspired, and refuses to be comforted. The love of song has suffered of late a sad abatement; many circumstances have combined to harm it; criticism has something of this to answer for; the deluge of verse poured on the land during the last thirty years, has had its influence, together with the calculating and mathematical turn which the public mind has taken. All this will pass away, and natural emotion will resume its power: though it is winter with the Muses now, the season of flowers and song is at hand.

#### BRITISH NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

THE imaginative prose literature of our own times has taken the form and character of the Novel and the Romance, and, in some respects, approaches closer to poetry and history than the prose fictions of our forefathers: it is more ambitious in its aim, wider in its range, more startling in its combinations, and more poetic in its

conceptions. The novelist invades the province of the epic poet and dramatist, and discusses topics which the muse contemplates with fear, and in which the tragic bard dreads the taste of the galleries. He takes the same liberty with the materials of history; and it has been our luck to see, in our own day, a second Shakspeare delight a second Marlborough with splendid passages from history, brightened all over with the sunshine of poetic and dramatic invention. Fielding, and Smollett, and Richardson, contented themselves with delineating the domestic manners, individual characters and passions of social life; and though Smollett, particularly, more than approached the poetic, none of them touched the historic, or presumed to colour the waters of truth with the hues of fiction. For this change there are several reasons: 1. the vein of domestic fiction was nearly exhausted; 2. poetry had at last almost ceased to attract; 3. a great genius arose, who by a series of bright creations led the herd of novelists and writers of all kinds to fresh pastures, and awakened a desire in the public for that kind of pleasing reading. From whatever cause the change arose, it is certain that a poet was soon at the head of it, bestowing all the colours of the muse on the historic or higher portions, and continuing the dramatic details, conversations, adventures, and incidents peculiar to humble life, which distinguished preceding novelists.

To Sir Walter Scott this change has been ascribed: and, unquestionably, if he did not originate it, he gave it a poetic form and pressure, reduced it to a clear and consistent system, and crowned it with that glory which has made it the wonder of Christendom. 'The Castle of Otranto' brought in the Gothic picturesque; Mrs. Radcliffe added Gothic horror and superstitious dread; and, in short, from a variety of sources, the impulses were given, and the materials supplied, from which arose the present splendid superstructure of fiction. The new form of Romance is said to be more true to nature—it is, at all events, according to the manners and taste of the age; the legends which we now regard as deforming the pages of our elder historians, were, in those days fully received and accredited as truths; and it may happen, that, as superstitious dread and fear are part of our nature, in some future age the desire of the present, to discredit the existence of spiritual intercourse and influences, may be spoken of with commiseration and sorrow. Be that as it may, in compliance with taste and increase of knowledge, all intercourse with the invisible world was relinquished by the romantic writer, though in doing so he crushed the informing soul out of his conceptions—for the wild, the wonderful, and the supernatural, are the blood, bone, and sinews of romantic writing. This was felt by authors; and, from a wish to compromise the matter with public taste, and yet have all the benefit of the superstition, they introduced a spurious progeny of spirits, whose appearance and acts were, like the tricks of legerdemain, satisfactorily accounted for to the reader, while the victims of belief were allowed to wander in the dark in dread and fear. This kept the external shape of the superstition before our sight, but it did no more: we laughed in our minds at the fantastic tricks which spirits of sticks and straw—ghosts of shreds and patches—caused poor be-devilled men to make; and we looked upon all efforts of this kind as a better sort of practical jokes. The effect, it is true, is the same on the person to whom the mechanical hobgoblin appears—not so to any other person: his eyes are shut to the cheat, the eyes of others are opened. When the Evil Genius of Brutus appeared to him, or the spirit of "buried Denmark" stood before Hamlet, the effect would have indeed been the same to them, had those

terrible visitors been artificial machines, or men dressed up in the costume of spirits, like the monk in salmon skins, who came, as the Son of God, to King James at Linlithgow: but what would have been the effect on us? We should have laughed at the dexterity of the cheat, and the noble Roman and majestic Dane would have been lessened in our eyes, and looked upon as little better than dolts. It is not necessary to trace the leading features of our romance literature further; it will be made sufficiently manifest in the characters which follow of the chief works and chief writers of this popular sort of composition.

ANNE RADCLIFFE may be placed at the head of what is called the horrible and awful, and considered as too frightful to be described. Others showed us the light burning on the closed sepulchre—she opened it, and introduced us to the perfumed bodies, rotting in their shrouds, and looking on us in red-heeled slippers and lack-lustre eyes, like the mummied wife of Van Butchell in Surgeon's Hall. We had been threatened with trap-doors, shaking tapestries, subterranean passages, and chambers of dool and dread, by other romancers; but it remained for Mistress Anne to put the threats of her fore-runners in execution: she produced a rusty key of a gothic pattern, undid the unwilling doors, and led us shuddering through the terrific domains of superstitious dread and fear. Nor was this all: the shapes which haunted our dreams she turned into spectres, glaring upon us in the glimpses of the moon; and on our imaginings she bestowed form and look, and gave them utterance such as made our bones to shake, and "each particular hair to stand on end." And yet all this was done, as the puritan said God was worshipped when the organ played—by means of machinery: the shapes which made us shudder were of our own framing, and the sounds which made the cold sweat stand on our brows were common sounds after all. The enchantress had prepared us for this: Fuseli pumpered himself on pork chops, when he desired to limn his evil spirits and nightmares—the dainties of the painter were but another name for the jarring doors, glimmering lamps, tottering turrets, veiled figures, mysterious whisperings, and ten thousand other dark, dim, and unexplained things, which united to make one of her scenes a vale of terror and of the shadow of death.

It required a high imagination and fine descriptive power to do all this, and Mrs. Radcliffe had both in an eminent degree. Her narratives are very graphic and exceedingly fascinating: she is never at a loss, all is clear and consistent; horror the second follows horror the first, as Abram begot Isaac, and Isaac Jacob; the cloud, at first of the size of a man's hand, darkens and expands till it fills the landscape. In delineating her fantastic conceptions she had a Rembrandt sort of skill in light and shade, which communicates an effect to her descriptions in strict keeping with the characters and events which are introduced. There is a fascination in her 'Mysteries of Udolpho,' which those who feel in youth will likely remember in old age: but it is not the fascination of pleasure; it resembles that practised by the adder, when it sucks, as rustic naturalists say, the lark from the sky—we shudder and become victims. The earth, as we read, seems a churchyard—the houses become castles of gloom—the streams run as if with blood—the last note of the blackbird seems that of the last trumpet—"disasters veil the moon"—and Anne Radcliffe and her mysteries triumph. But all this, though impressive, and sometimes grand, is unnatural; such fictions could not last—they were not of God, and so they failed. The authoress lived long enough to see the fabric which she had reared melt away, and Nature resume her reign with the same ease and quietness that the moon succeeds the tempest.



She was the leader of those who superseded the true supernatural by means of the false supernatural, and wrought her wonders by aid of mystical machinery. In 'The Castle of Otranto' and 'The Old English Baron,' the images of terror are all truly gothic, and in strict accordance with belief; in Mrs. Radcliffe they are all of the mechanical school, and though they affect us before we discover of what they are composed, that feeling passes away, never to return, for we cannot fear them again. We read on, and at last discover, that our travels in the vale of superstition—like the ascent of Sancho Panza into the region of fire—were all imaginary; that we had taken a horned cow for a fiend, the voice of running water for a voice from the grave, and that the shank bones and skulls amid which our feet had crunched were but stubble. We are offended with ourselves for being so imposed on; we have a contempt for the very victims who were "frightened with false fire;" and we extend not a little of our ill-will to the writer who took such pains to put us out of humour with ourselves.

'The Monk,' by Lewis, is of the same race of wild creations: all is forced and exaggerated; men and women are exhibited under a light which both distorts and discolours—human nature has not fair play for a moment: yet there is great force—not of passion, but of posture, and great vigour of colouring—not of nature, but of artifice. This melo-dramatic sort of representation of life, startled for a time, but could not last: when truth and true passion took the field, the fictions of Lewis were of the same avail as the false rods of the prophets in the presence of the true rod of Moses.

WILLIAM GODWIN is the Anne Radcliffe of moral order and social law: in his dissections of the human heart he resorts to the same sort of picturesque tricks which the other employs to create supernatural impulses. He refuses to allow nature to have justice—he puts her into a strait-jacket; he sits down, and after mature study, takes a false view of man and his passions, and upon this raises a stupendous and toppling superstructure, which wants nothing but a good foundation to be permanent. His reasoning is right, but then it is from wrong principles: legs were made for stockings, says Voltaire, sarcastically—therefore we wear stockings, says Godwin, seriously. This applies to all his works: 'Caleb Williams' is the cream of his mind, the rest are the skimmed milk; yet in that wondrous novel all must be offended with the unnatural and improbable character of Falkland: the most accomplished, the most heroic and lofty-minded of men murders one who had affronted him, allows others to be hanged for the deed, and persecutes to the brink of ruin a man whose sole sin was a desire to penetrate through the mystery in which this prodigy of vice and virtue had wrapped himself. Williams suffers, merely because it was necessary for the story that he should; a single word would have set all right, and saved him from much unnatural terror. In short, the fault is, that the actions which the dramatis personæ perform are not in keeping with their characters. It is impossible for Godwin to write anything without exhibiting great ability, great knowledge of human nature, and an art, all his own, of tracing impulses and emotions. But it is, at the same time, a painful task to the feelings to read what he writes: we are let into secrets of villany and crime, which cannot pass through our hearts without leaving, as the snail does on the flower, a track behind. His St. Leon and his Mandeville are ten degrees darker than his Falkland: in the latter, there are many ties to connect us with truth and nature, and we go on—as the sailors keep by a sinking vessel—in the hope that all must be righted soon.

Mandeville is one of these unhappy persons whose minds are never so free from the storm of passion as to be fully rational, and yet cannot, save in fits of fury, be considered wholly mad. All mankind, he thinks, have conspired against him, and he commits strange deeds, nor hesitates at crimes, to protect himself against this visionary combination. The delineation of the character is admirable, the conception striking, the language forcible; and we only lament that all this should be lavished on such a fantastic and unnatural monster. Other novelists desire to instruct or amuse us; and though they frequently delineate deeds which are painful to contemplate, and introduce us to characters both base and fiendish, yet on the whole they raise our love of human nature; at all events, we quit them with no increase of dislike to our species, nor think the worse of human nature for the trials to which it has been exposed without always triumphing. With no such feeling does Godwin go to work: it seems his desire to put us out of temper with our species by putting us out of sympathy with their actions; he wishes to induce us, like Job, to curse the day of our birth, the hour in which a man-child was conceived. He will not for a moment permit us to indulge in the belief that honesty and candour exist on the earth: a surgeon dissects to teach—Godwin mangles to expose; we rise from the perusal of his works, marvelling at his powers, but sorrowing for the sad use he has made of them; and we speedily seek, in other works, to forget his splendid, but unnatural creations.

MADAME D'ARBLAY, in her 'Evelina,' 'Cecilia,' 'Camilla,' and other productions, connects us with the times of Dr. Johnson, and leads us back to the days when a more studied sort of language, and less natural freedom of expression characterized our romantic literature. In her 'Evelina' she pleased Johnson—who was not readily pleased—so much, that he loved to allude to her work in company; and, to the mortification of Boswell, called him a Brangton, after a rude and forward family in the novel. Her power in individual portraiture is great—the Brangtons are admirable. Mr. Smith represents a citizen of credit and renown. Her perception of singularity of character is quick and keen, and she fastens on an absurdity with a hearty relish. She paints outward circumstances—the external form and pressure of things, and gives manners and actions with wonderful precision and force. In her 'Memoirs of Dr. Burney,' she has taken a sitting of Boswell, which exhibits thrice as much of the man as Sir Joshua's portrait does; and, in her letters to Mr. Crisp, she has shown quick powers of observation, and unequalled ability in delineating the ways of the world around. Of those "who gave the ball, or paid the visit last," she knows everything, and detects errors against the etiquette of fashion or the stately ways of court life, with an eye which shows she made such conventional decorums and elaborate courtesies her study and her pleasure.

Her works are deficient in original vigour of conception, and her characters in depth and nature. She has considered so anxiously the figured silks and tamboured muslins which flutter about society, that she has made the throbbings of the hearts which they cover a secondary consideration. She paints the punctilios and peccadillos of polished life; she is great in artificial good-breeding; and would rather allow one of her heroines to stain her reputation than soil her kid gloves. All that is rustic is to be shunned—all that is rude abhorred; a word out of joint with the settled language of high life, forfeits caste, and cannot be retrieved—and a lady had better be found in an equivocal situation than make an equivocal speech. Catherine of Russia excelled in this: her court in act, was

the most licentious in Europe—in speech the most pure. No doubt the fault lies in society rather than in Madame D'Arblay: she points what she sees, and she paints it vividly; she ought, however, to have shut her eyes on those elegant affectations, and opened them wide upon unsophisticated life: fashion passes away, and the manners of the great are unstable, but natural emotion belongs to immortality.

ELIZABETH HAMILTON, like Madame D'Arblay, paints the passing wants, the fleeting manners and changing condition of social life; but then her pictures are taken from the shepherd's hut and the husbandman's hovel, and, amid much that is now past and gone, show not a little of a fixed and permanent nature. She is the mistress of the clouted shoe: she felt offed with the carelessness and the sloth of the dames and maidens of Scotland, and commenced brightening their walls, sweeping their floors, polishing their furniture, and setting their homes in order, in a manner that will be long remembered. While in the act of bestowing upon them the blessings of

A cozie ingle and a clean hearth-stone,

she lectured them on the merits of activity and cleanliness with a sharp and eager tongue. Amid much truth in her domestic pictures, there is an inclination to overcharge and caricature. In her 'Cottagers of Glenburnie' she has collected the faults and failings of a dozen counties, and called the scene a sketch from life and nature; but it is no more Scotland, than a picture of Wapping would be London. Nor did she consider sufficiently the social condition of the humble daughters of the cottage in her day: their lot was one of unmitigated toil—far from the baker's shop, the butcher's stall, and all the conveniences of life seen in towns and cities, they had to run, and collect, and drudge, like the laborious Brownies of their own traditions. The traveller for whom the Highland dame prepared a cake, saw more during the hour in which he waited than Mrs. Hamilton saw in all her life. The wife of Glenmore went to the field, reaped the barley, brought it home, thrashed it, ground it in a hand-mill, baked it, and served it up with whiskey, all in one short hour. Women, constantly employed in toils, which machinery or men's hands perform in other countries, must not be charged with sloth. Their condition is now changing; and the daughters of Caledonia are, with leisure on their hands, become as fastidious and sensitive in matters of housewifery as a Mrs. Hamilton could desire.

The polished elegance and graceful pathos of HENRY MACKENZIE made his name widely known; he is a master in the neat, the pretty, and the beautiful; he knows how to prepare and arrange his materials so as to waste nothing; he sets all in a proper light; as he has just enough, and no more, to complete his undertaking, he cannot afford to be prodigal of his treasures, and is compelled to exhibit his sentiments and his incidents like flowers at a show. He has, perhaps, written some of the most touching little stories in the language; 'Louisa Venoni' is one of those sweet and natural things which no one forgets, and could not if they would: all is simple, and eloquent, and sad. His 'Man of Feeling' is the offspring of the Sentimental Journey and Werter schools; it is better regulated than the first, and less frantic than the second; the hero is possessed with a passion which he has too much modesty to utter, and dies of true love and decline when all wish him to live. The scene in the madhouse should be learned by heart. The accumulation of woes in 'Julia de Roubigne' makes it too melancholy to read; it is more like a revelation made in confession than a fine work of fancy and feeling; it is not a difficult thing to heap woe on woe. 'The Man of the World' proved that Mackenzie's genius had not strength

for three volumes, but belonged to short romances and brief tales, where one action suffices, and one train of sentiment is sufficient. He was a person of fine taste, had some poetic feeling and fancy, and amused himself in his youth with penning ballads in the manner of the old minstrels; he was also a kind and generous man; he did more to make Burns known than any dozen of the high and the influential, and he took that position for him among men of genius which the general applause of the world has since most satisfactorily sanctioned.

Of Miss FERRIER's talents for observation of life, and skill in delineating the passions, follies, and virtues of human nature, her novels of 'Marriage' and 'Inheritance' sufficiently testify. Were other assurance necessary, it might readily be found; Scott, in the conclusion to his 'Legend of Montrose,' bids farewell to his readers in these words: "I retire from the field, conscious there remains behind not only a large harvest, but labourers capable of gathering it in. More than one writer has already displayed talents of this description, and if the present author, himself a phantom, may be permitted to distinguish a brother, or perhaps a sister, shadow, he would mention, in particular, the author of the very lively work entitled 'Marriage.'" To a warm heart, a lively fancy, and great powers of discrimination, Miss Ferrier has added variety of knowledge, and a graphic art of describing all she sees, and all she feels, which give her a distinguished place among the novelists of the day.

MARIA EDGEWORTH, is the most eminent of our female novelists in all that concerns the condition of society; the ways of life, and the influence of education, and birth, and whatever darkens or brightens the landscape of social existence. She has no desire to give studied pictures, and work up the light and shade of the scene till our wonder is directed to the hand that wrought the laborious enchantment, rather than to the sentiment of the painting; her brush seems ever full, her canvas ever ready, and she dashes in the sad realities of life, with a vigour and truth to which every heart responds. Nothing can surpass the intrepid fidelity of her delineations: nor does she seek only to make vivid impressions: she has an aim in all she does: she brings a healing consolation and hope for the social sorrows of her unhappy country, and seeks to regulate the will-o'-wisp movements, and direct the mind and hand of bewildered Ireland. In doing this she has not cut, like an unskilful surgeon, into the heart of the patient; she is gentle and affectionate, and, while filling the mind with knowledge, and guiding the feet in the right path, she enjoys all the mother-wit, unstudied humour, joyous whims, and capricious follies for which the children of the Green Isle are remarkable. She has been charged with want of a moral; by want of a moral the critic meant the absence of that Summary and Application which are commonly appended to tales which have less claim to be ranked with works of moral instruction than those of Miss Edgeworth; in truth, a moral enlivens and informs the whole of her narrative, as sap runs up the stem and along the boughs of the tree; the reader cannot help feeling and applying it as he goes along. It may be instanced as a proof of the fine understanding and original vigour of mind of this eminent woman, that she refused to avail herself of all the ready-made machinery of the novel and the romance; she disdained to borrow ruined castles, dripping caverns, agitated tapestries, mysterious veils, mechanical spectres, and other picturesque and gorgeous matters from the yet open shop of Anne Radcliffe; she made a still sterner sacrifice; she hardened her heart against all amiable weaknesses, sudden impulses, uncontrollable emotions, and fever fits of the heart and under-

standing, which form the stock-in-trade of some of her contemporaries. Nay, she would endure no swoonings in picturesque positions; no love-makings beside water-falls, no weepings by the side of the new-sprung flower, or clapping of hands at the sight of the rising moon, or ecstatic fits at hearing a red-breast singing on the top of a withered tree. She looked on man as something high and noble, and on woman as intended to be useful both by look and hand, and treated them accordingly. She draws her scenes in the sober colours of reality; she uses no tints warmer than life, and seldom or ever seeks to excite her readers by representing the fiercer and sterner passions of our nature. In foregoing these easy embellishments, she made no sacrifice, for her object was utility, not effect. "Her books," says Gifford, "so far from lending any countenance to vice, even in its refined and most agreeable form, afford some of the best lessons of practical morality with which we are acquainted. They teach, not merely by dry general maxims on one hand, or by splendid examples on the other, but by reasons put into the mouths of the actors themselves, what is the right mode of conduct in circumstances of difficulty or temptation. She is constantly endeavouring to point out, by the discussion of cases judiciously selected or ingeniously invented, what is the road by which virtue conducts us to happiness. There is hardly any good quality to which Miss Edgeworth has not contributed her powerful recommendation; but the ultimate rewards of steadiness, independence, and honest persevering exertion, are those which she is fondest of setting before our eyes; and we think her choice is sanctioned by the value of the doctrines which she inculcates."

Had it been her pleasure to have added a little of the poetic fervour of her own island to her pictures of life, and introduced more of the outbursting passions, and high feeling, and vagrant impulse, which characterize the Irish peasantry, we own it would have been more to our mind; for she is occasionally too didactic and too wise: she forgets that folly must not always wear the curb, nor fountains be for ever dammed up. She walks by the side of her characters as Mentor by the side of Telemachus, keeping them out of all manner of pleasant mischief, and wagging the monitory head, and waving the remonstrating finger, should their eyes brighten or their breath come thick at approaching adventures. Her 'Patronage,' her 'Tales of Fashionable Life,' 'Belinda,' 'Castle Rack-rent,' 'Popular and Moral Tales,' &c. will carry her name to remote times, not only as a benefactress, but as a painter of life and character. She is diminutive in stature, quick of eye, and fluent and agreeable in conversation.

Of JANE PORTER, and her sister ANNA MARIA PORTER, it may be said that they have both obtained distinction in the ranks of imaginative writers, and that their works are numerous, and more or less marked by a sense of the heroic, and a love of all that is wise and virtuous. The former, in her 'Scottish Chiefs,' relates the fortunes of Wallace, and frequently interests our heart and excites our imagination; she is true to the gallant bearing, dauntless courage, and resolution to do or die, which all have united in allowing him; nor is she insensible to his private virtues—his constancy in friendship and in love, and his affection for his father, whose fall he more than avenged. She has, however, added attributes which neither pertained to the times nor to the hero: Wallace loved to sleep in the wild woods in his steel harness, surprise his enemies in the dead of night, storm their castles, and in battle smite with an unsparing sword; in reply to the offer of an earldom, by Edward, he said he loved better to see the blood of his enemies than their gold—their graves rather than

their lands; she has drawn him with a hand much too soft and gentle. The works of Anna Maria amount to nearly fifty volumes: nor are those of Jane much less numerous. The first is one of those early prodigies in literature who astonish their friends and perplex biographers. She wrote and published her 'Artless Tales' at twelve years of age. She was, when some six years old, acquainted with Walter Scott; it was his custom, when let loose from school, to hasten to her mother's residence, and tell her interminable stories of faerie and witchcraft. They are sisters to Sir Robert Kerr Porter, and exhibit no small degree of his singular panoramic skill in the conception of their scenes, the distribution of the groups, and the light and shade of composition. They are better acquainted with external form than inward emotion; though in all their works there are scattered passages gentle and affectionate. Their lives have been as blameless as their compositions. Anna Maria died on the 21st of September 1832; Jane, the most eminent, survives.

SCOTT.—It has been said, that the "Author of Waverley" looked on all things through a romantic medium; the splendid plantations, and finely laid-out inclosures of Abbotsford were created out of a peat-bog; and the house itself, at once convenient and picturesque, was pronounced by a Frenchman to be a romance in stone and lime. This is true also of his romances: the jail of Edinburgh has inspired a story which will last as long as Arthur's seat; from the dry-as-dust materials of vague tradition, he has raised the magnificent edifice of 'Ivanhoe;' from the wild acts and fanatic sayings of the Cameronians, he has made a story of lasting interest; and out of a Blacksmith, labouring in the smut of his forge, he has created a hero both in mind and courage, and left him a labourer in fire still. To do all this—and this is but a tithe of what he did—required imagination, sensibility, knowledge of character, an eye for all that is beautiful, a heart for all that is heroic, added to powers of combination and description, such as none but a poet of a high order ever possessed. He found the prose fiction of his country deformed by many strange inventions, inoculated with much false sentiment, overwhelmed with idly minute descriptions, and the voice of nature nearly lost in that of affectation; he reformed and restored it in far more than its original beauty. He re-inspired whatever his own heart pronounced good in the narratives of his predecessors and contemporaries, and he added a breadth and variety of character, a dramatic life and vigour, and a poetic richness and elevation which has rendered our best prose romances more than a match, in general interest, to our best poems. Lord Byron poured out poem after poem, Scott poured out romance after romance; the poetry of the one, and the prose of the other, became so popular that no other works were regarded, and the question was, which of the two was the greater. Without attempting to decide this, it may be safely said, that as Byron had formerly triumphed over Scott in song, Byron was certainly triumphed over in his turn by Scott in prose: and yet not one word of vexation or envy was uttered by either of those illustrious spirits; on the contrary, they spoke and wrote of one another with respect and affection.

Scott chose at first to engage in this new adventure with his beaver down; and the Waverley novels were given to the world under imaginary names. When Napoleon escaped from Elba, and appeared in Paris with a hundred thousand men at his back, his coming confounded the world no more than did these marvellous novels, when fiction after fiction came pouring upon the public. First, 'Waverley,' with its mountain chiefs and highland manners; secondly, 'Guy Mannering,' redolent of the low-

lands, with its glorious peasant Dinmont, and its half-inspired gipsy, Meg Merrilies; thirdly, 'The Antiquary,' with the inimitable Edie Ochiltree and Monkbarns; fourthly, 'Rob Roy,' with Baillie Jarvie and Andrew Fairfairservice, of the parish of Dreepdail, where lang-kale were raised under hand-glasses; fifthly, 'The Black Dwarf,' and the matchless 'Old Mortality,' with its Balfour of Burley, who fought the devil and killed the Dutchman, the fiery and fierce Claverhouse, the reckless Bothwell, the sly and courageous Cuddie, who could make his ain wee pickle sense gang farther than his mother could make hers, though she spoke like a minister; sixthly, 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian,' redeemed from the stain of the jail by Jeanie Deans and Effie her sister—by Madge Wildfire, one of the most natural of all creations, not forgetting Douce Davie Deans, who thought it a marvel that a small pistol could kill a big blustering fellow, and Daddie Rat, whose soul was always in a swither whether to be honest or knavish, and who offered to take Jeanie Deans to a cannie howf in the Pleasants, where a' the Procurator Fiscals in Scotland should no catch her; seventhly, 'The Legend of Montrose,' of which the hero is Sir Dugald Dalgetty, a bold mercenary, who, like Colonel Urrey, of the same wars, sold his sword to either king or parliament; eighthly, 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' saddened all over with a presentiment of coming misery, with its haughty Ravenswood, Blind Alice, and Johnnie Mortsheugh, who could either prepare a grave or screw the pegs of his fiddle, as chance sent customers; and, ninthly, the magnificent romance of 'Ivanhoe,' adorned by the sublime Rebecca, with such flashes of bravery and drollery from the Black Knight and Friar Tuck as have been nowhere equalled.

These are but the first course of princely fictions which Scott served up to the public—others followed with marvellous rapidity; some as good, and others worse, than those I have named, but all marked with the same extraordinary powers of conception, both of subject and character. It may be observed of the second series, that, in one or two instances, the author introduced spiritual agencies—not ghosts of legerdmain manufacture, but those unembodied forms which the vanity of man imagine God has placed over him, to aid in working out his fortune and protect him from the influence of the spirits of evil. Of this kind was the White Lady of Avenel; the idea was fine—she did her ministering for some time deftly enough, and much to the edification of the public, particularly when she soused the Monk in the Tweed, and sang her unearthly song; but all lovers of the marvellous stared when she cured the priest whom Christie of Clinthill had slain; repaired the mortal gash in the body of Percy Shafton; and dug a grave and filled it up, so that even ploughmen could not tell it from solid ground. All these were errors of the first magnitude; and had Scott said to himself, Go to, I shall bring spiritual agency into contempt,—he could not have been more successful. He next made an effort of another kind in the same way; he set his spiritual spinning-jennies in motion to scare the iron-nerved round-head leaders of Oliver Cromwell. The trick was not successful; Mrs. Radcliffe surpassed him far in these wooden contrivances; and it seems he felt that he had not succeeded in his "spiriting"; he confessed the White Maid to be a failure; and as for mechanical devils, he never tried them again.

With real flesh and blood he wrought marvels enough. No writer since the days of Shakespeare has created so many fine, healthy, life-like, and original characters; other novelists may boast of a couple, or four, or half-a-dozen; but eight or ten in one fiction is common to Scott. There are a dozen in the 'Fortunes of Nigel' alone—all unlike one another, clearly belonging to

different families, and with nothing in common, save the air they breathe. He had no great knack in making heroes and heroines; his creations of this sort—always with the exception of Diana Vernon—have less attraction about them than what is really necessary to carry on the story. Yet, on closer examination, and when the hurry of a first perusal is over, we shall find a thousand indications of delicacy of feeling, and a thousand intimations of the tender passion, which we had before overlooked. See, for instance, with how much neatness, and in what graceful touches, he acquaints us not only with the deep love with which Julia Manning regarded Bertram, but exhibits the passion at work. In his Edith Plantagenet, too, he has shown how gracefully true love sits on a noble nature. Yet the charm of his stories resides in what may be called the subordinate characters: of these he has troops and battalions, all different from each other, yet all like nature. The Dougal creature could not talk like Andrew Fairfairservice; nor could Andrew brave the dangers of witches and cut-throats in caverns like his namesake Dinmont; Charleshope, again, is quite another sort of a rustic from Cuddie Headrigg; nor could Cuddie hold the candle to Edie Ochiltree, who has a spice of poetry and mischief in his nature: all these differ from Richie Moniplies; nor can the wise and faithful Richie be named with Harry Wynd, the smith, who was the meekest man in Perth, and only fought with Highlandmen when he found them on the south side of Stirling bridge. In the higher characters we have the same wondrous variety. The military antiquarian, Cosmo Bradwardine, is quite unlike the civil antiquarian, Monkbarns, who boasted so much of his ancestor, the printer, that his nephew alleged his veins were filled with printer's ink; and both differ from Guy Manning, whose love of ancestry and attachment to bandy-legged dogs are visible as his bravery. Then we have the singular Rob Roy: one day a burly drover, saying a civil word to every one, and turning an honest penny in a quiet way; and another day, a wild, daring, Highland chief, crying, "Dinna maister me, man—my foot's on my native heath, and my name's Macgregor!" It has been remarked, that Scott has made all his characters talk professionally; for instance, Guy Manning speaks like a soldier, and uses terms of war in conversation; while Pleydell carries the Court of Session about with him: there is probably too much of this; but our conversation is at least coloured by what engages our daily thoughts; and it cannot be denied that Scott has exhibited the character by other marks, and only calls these in as aids to make the picture perfect.

All the qualities which pleased us in his poetry, re-appear in his romances, with the addition of the dramatic drolleries and humbler humanities of rustic life. There is everywhere a singular and happy mixture of the higher and lower qualities: he lives more in the upper, and yet as much in the lower air, as Fielding: he has all the fertility of Smollett, and all the poetic glow of Wilson. He is remarkable for rapid vehemence of narrative. All with Scott is easy—he never labours; he always masters his subject, and never exhausts it. He stands without a rival at the head of Prose Fiction; and it is to his praise that he found his subjects chiefly in his native island.

R. C. MATURIN has been fondly called the Walter Scott of Ireland; and it must be owned that fine elements of fiction are visible in his works—glimpses of original character—flashes of intellectual light—snatches of impressive dialogue, united to an occasional force of handling, all of which belong to the great masters of romance;—but then these beauties are overlaid with rubbish. He wanted the taste to prepare the materials which he amassed. He

planned his structure, squared some of the stones, rounded some of the columns, carved a few of the capitals, and then began to build; but, unlike all other architects, he employed unhewn stones with hewn, and reared a lofty edifice enough, but one out of all keeping, without beauty of finish, or true unity of parts. He neither raised a rude Stone-Henge, nor built a scientific St. Paul's; but did both in one, and produced a monster. All this, and more, is visible in his 'Women' and his 'Melmoth.' The first is an Irish story, wild, wonderful and savage, with many redeeming touches of pathos and beauty, and brought frequently back from extravagance by fine traits of character. The second is not altogether so mad as some reviewers pronounced it; yet sufficiently so to excuse thousands for closing their eyes against the poetic invention and buoyancy of fancy everywhere visible. The hero of the story is a second Faustus, who has bartered his soul with Satan for protracted life and unlimited enjoyment; and the heroine is a sort of goddess—a virgin of the sea—who lives amid her isles working enchantments like Circe, and marries the devil's dupe, and dies in the dungeons of the Inquisition. It is said that the man was almost as wild as his productions; he seldom spoke to any one after the first interview, imagining once to be condescension enough in so fine a genius; and in hours of more than common emotion, he placed a wafer on his brow—a sign to his servants not to intrude upon him.

'The Wild Irish Girl' first made LADY MORGAN known to the world. It has much of the natural both in character and delineation, and a certain pleasing wildness of manner intertwining itself with the joyous realities of social life. The work, though coming from a young spirit, intimated a growing discernment, an acuteness of observation, and a readiness of wit, of which she has since given many specimens. 'The Novice of St. Dominic,' amid much fine description and scenes of passion, had a natural tone at once earnest and touching. Nor was 'Ida of Athens' without its attractions, though severely handled by Gifford, that Anarch old, and exhibited as ridiculous, in a criticism written for the purpose of crushing it. The novels of Lady Morgan are not her best works. She is a painter of manners, not imaginary, but real; of scenes not of fancy, but reality; and of characters such as are visible in flesh and blood, and have taken a part in the great drama of existence. In these historic delineations she is perhaps without an equal: the character is sometimes limned at full-length: sometimes exhibited in profile, and even like the portraits of Vandyke, some of the heads look over the shoulder; but she never misses to give their spirit, or to seize on the character in the mass. She works, indeed, in strong light and shade, and occasionally gives a person of dignity no very dignified employment; but she is always clear and intelligible; and, moreover, aims in all her works to spread a love of freedom and a hatred of oppression. She has written too openly, too bitterly, and too cleverly, not to have enemies, strong as well as numerous. Her works on France and on Italy have made her name popular abroad. In foreign lands she is received as a benefactress: here, her sentiments have been misrepresented or ridiculed; and she has been subjected to such personal abuse as, I believe, no lady has ever been doomed to suffer. This is unjust as well as discourteous, and ought not to be. In all she writes there is genius, and that of very varied kind: there is wit, humour, tenderness, heroism, love of country, and a fine vein of light and agreeable fancy. Some of her sentiments are, no doubt, unwelcome to one party in the state; but why should her merits be weighed in a party balance? The presence of genius in her works ought to protect her against such rudeness and incivility.



Of HANNAH MORE it is not easy to speak: the sentiments which she utters have a scriptural source, and the aim of her writings is the eternal welfare of mankind; to this high purpose she has devoted some score or more of closely-printed volumes; but though she has sometimes aided the influence of religious feeling by dramatic details and the introduction of character, she has never succeeded in communicating that life or variety which brings popularity, and scatters works of fiction from the palace to the hovel. In religious romance no one has come near the inventor and maker, honest John Bunyan: his abstract personifications have all the peculiarity and life which belong to persons of flesh and blood; not so the allegorical personages of others; they come like shadows, and as shadows depart; they speak, it is true, but we listen to their speeches as we would to

A wooden head haranguing,

With prompting priest behind the hanging.

We are no admirers of religious romances; we are content with the New Testament, and prefer the simple language of our Saviour to all the glosses of the learned and the speculations of the ingenious. The most inspired can never reach the "height of that great argument," nor better express our duty to God and man, than Christ and his Apostles have expressed it. We listen with reverence to speculations from the pulpit, but with impatience to all lay-lectures—to the dogmas of the "unco good, or of the rigidly righteous."

The 'Simple Story,' and the 'Nature and Art,' of MRS. INCHBALD, attracted much attention; and when the world was satisfied with the perusal, there was something about the authoress herself to awaken curiosity. She was an admirable novelist, shrewd and observing; and a handsome woman; yet she resembled the rest of her sex so little, that she took little pains to render her person agreeable, and set so little store by the elegancies of life, that she lived in a mean way, and ate fruit and drank water like an anchorite. That one admired as an authoress, and who had by her genius achieved a small independence, should do all this, excited some wonder; but her diaries have solved the problem: she lived in a simple way that she might be independent, and also apply the residue of her income to the maintenance of her sister, and to deeds of benevolence and charity. Such goodness of heart as this ought to preserve her name as something of a rarity, should her works be forgotten; but of that there is little fear—nature always takes care of her own.

The works of JANE AUSTEN have quietly won their way to the public heart, as all works of genius will. She is a prudent writer; there is good sense in all she says, a propriety in all her actions; and she sets her face zealously against romantic attachments and sentimental associations. She lived and died a spinster; yet she seems to have had a large experience in the peridy of all attachments which belonged not to prudence and calculation. When Dumbiedykes fell in love, it was with a lady who sat next him in the kirk, and that put it into his head; in like manner Miss Austen's heroes and heroines are touched most sensibly when the object of their contemplation stands on a fair estate, or is endowed with bonds and bills, and other convertible commodities. "On the whole," says the *Quarterly Review*, "Miss Austen's works may safely be recommended, not only as among the most unexceptionable of her class, but as combining, in an eminent degree, instruction and amusement." Her works are, 'Sense and Sensibility,' 'Pride and Prejudice,' 'Mansfield Park,' 'Emma,' and 'Northanger Abbey,' and 'Persuasion.'

[To be continued on the 30th November.]

#### SONG.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

LOOK on me with thy cloudless eyes,  
Truth in their dark transparency lies;  
Their sweetness gives me back the tears  
And the free trust of early years.

My gentle child!

The spirit of my infant prayer,  
Shines in the depths of quiet there;  
And Home, and Love, once more are mine,  
Found in that dewy calm divine.

My gentle child!

Oh! Heaven is with thee in thy dreams,  
Its light by day around thee gleams;  
Thy smile hath gifts from vernal skies—  
Look on me with thy cloudless eyes!

My gentle child!

#### PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE.

Nobody likes to be nobody, but everybody is pleased to think himself somebody; and everybody is somebody; but the worst of the matter is, when anybody thinks himself to be somebody, he is too much inclined to think everybody else to be nobody. Kings and critics speak of themselves in the plural number, and do you know why, gentle reader? I dare say that you think it is a piece of arrogance and pomposity in both. It is no such thing, but is rather a mark of humility. A king may issue a proclamation, a critic may pronounce an opinion, but neither king nor critic thinks himself a person of sufficient importance to give the proclamation or the judgment as his own individual act and deed; in both cases the plural pronoun is used, to signify, in the one case, that the king is acting by the advice of his council; and in the other, that the critic is giving the opinion of others as well as his own. Kings and critics then, who are really important persons, are the only people who make no arrogant claim to be so considered, but modestly conceal themselves in multitude. There is scarcely any one else who does not regard himself as a person of some importance. I recollect many years ago hearing an amiable barrister, who had been just appointed a Commissioner of Bankrupts, say, "There cannot be imagined three greater men in their own eyes, than a hackney coachman on a rainy day, a book-keeper at a coach office, and a young commissioner of bankrupts." But not one of these ever thinks of speaking of himself in the plural number—he could not bear such a dilution of his dignity, such an absorption of his individuality. None of my readers, I trust, are so shamefully ignorant of Joe Miller, as not to know the story of the bellows-blower at church; but, lest any one should be ignorant, I will relate it. Service was over, and the voluntary was finished, and as the organist and the bellows-blower were descending together, the latter said to the former, "We played very well to-day." "We!" said the organist, contemptuously. Next Sunday, when the organist put his fingers on the keys, they were speechless. "Blow," said he to the man at the bellows, "Shall it be we?" said the blower. Here, gentle reader, you see that the organist was too conscious of his own importance to tolerate the use of the plural pronoun. Had it been a king or critic—the humble "we" would have been used readily and without solicitation. In the above anecdote, the bellows-blower seems to have considered himself as a person of some importance, and to have felt his dignity hurt by the exclusive arrogance of the organist; and, therefore, he had recourse to the only means whereby he could demonstrate his importance—viz. withholding the supplies.

It must be mortifying to human vanity to observe how strangely, and yet how surely, the world goes on in spite of its losses. Down drops bubble after bubble on this our summer

stream of life, and other bubbles start up to supply their place, and as soon give way to their successors, so that one bubble seems of no more importance than another: but while the bubbles last, they shine gaily, and are full of their own emptiness: and if they be proud of their emptiness, they are happy that they are so full of it. It is only when a man is in very low spirits and almost sinking into despair, that he can really think himself a being of no importance; he then feels like a balloon when all the gas is out. I wonder who is the most important person in the Lord Mayor's Show. One would naturally say, the Lord Mayor himself: I do not know that, unless he is a very great goose indeed. He has had his dignity in view some years before; he has rehearsed it all in his mind, so that imagination has stripped some of the gilding off his gingerbread. I remember hearing of one Lord Mayor who was mightily distended with a sense of his own importance, even before he ascended the civic throne. His dwelling was near Queenhithe, and approachable only through very narrow streets; in one of these, his carriage came to a sudden stop. "Drive on," said he to the coachman. "There's a cart in the way, sir." "Cart in the way! What business has a cart to stand in my way? I am the Lord Mayor elect!" For a man to have a true sense of his own importance, he must feel that things cannot go on without him. He must feel himself to be a centre—a mainspring—in this point of view, I do not know whether the City Marshal be not as great a man as any in a Lord Mayor's Show. He rides generally on a bouncing fat horse, which horse has also a consciousness of its own dignity, so there seems to be a sympathy of majesty between man and horse, and they two form one civic centaur; moreover, the City Marshal carries a truncheon, so did Cæsar and Alexander, according to their pictures, and they were very great men. But they did not wear so fine a coat as the City Marshal, and though they were covered or crowned with laurel, yet the City Marshal has a comfortable and smart cocked hat, which is a far more convenient covering on the 9th of November, especially if it happens to be a wet day, as is too often the case. But after all that may be said for the City Marshal, I have my doubts, whether the man in armour is not a personage of quite as much importance. He is a kind of living historical romance, a mummy of chivalry; contrasted with him, how insignificant and effeminate the moderns look. All eyes are upon him, especially the eyes of those who now see the Lord Mayor's Show for the first time, and he can easily persuade himself, that the sight would be worth nothing were it not for the man in armour. Again, there is another important personage in the procession, who must not be overlooked or passed lightly by, and that is the Lord Mayor's coachman. There is nothing in the whole procession to match the neatness of the little curls on his wig; and what a great broad seat he has to sit upon! How elevated his station! He looks down on the rest of the show, and even turns his back on the Lord Mayor himself. The late Mrs. Hamilton, in her *Popular Essays*, speaks of the propensity to magnify the idea of self; now, this propensity may be amply indulged in by the Lord Mayor's coachman, who takes into the comprehensive and complex idea of self, all that fine big coach behind him, and all those fine horses before him, with their red morocco harness and brass buckles. Abstraction is an exceedingly difficult philosophical operation, which the Lord Mayor's coachman cannot easily manage; and, therefore, he never attempts to abstract from the idea of self, the coach and horses by which he is accompanied. But we might examine the case and feelings of every individual connected with that imposing and

anti-utilitarian spectacle, and find in the bosom of every one some sweet consoling sense of his own importance—or, should there be some solitary cynic, whose heart swells not with the pomp and majesty of the scene, he makes up for it by thinking, that he is an individual of too much mind to be pleased with such trifles. A voluntary nothingness is altogether beyond the fortitude of humanity. Reader, did you ever pay much attention to general elections? Because, if you ever did, you must have observed how much the importance of men is developed on such occasions. To be one of Mr. Tomkins's committee—to receive communications—to draw up advertisements—to ride post-haste all over the county—to look as wise as Solomon, as courteous as Lord Chesterfield, as deep as Garrick—to whisper mysteriously to the candidate—to neglect one's business—to forget dinner time, and all that to bring in Mr. Tomkins, and to establish the independence of the county—is altogether such a wonderful achievement, that if a man, under such circumstances, should be tempted to think himself for once a nonpareil of dignity and importance, is it not pardonable? There is something so delightful in being able to say, "Mr. Tomkins owed his election to me!" And the beauty of the matter is, that there are so many such kind of "me's" in every county, borough, and city, in the kingdom. Poor Mr. Tomkins! he is himself hardly aware how many best friends he has. He is in a very ticklish situation, and must take care that he does not say, do, or think anything to offend any one of these his best friends. If, by chance, his memory should fail him, and he should pass one of them without a smile, a bow, or a squeeze of the hand, woe betide him! It would be a shocking thing that it should be said, "Mr. Tomkins passed me in the street without taking the slightest notice of me; he forgets that if it had not been for me he would have lost his election." In fact, all the world is a kind of Lord Mayor's Show, and we are all somehow or other people of importance. He who wrote that facetious paper called "Memoirs of P. P. clerk of this Parish," thought that he was merely satirizing one individual, whereas, in good truth, he was delineating a prominent trait of humanity; and the very success of the portraiture, the popularity of the sketch, was owing to the fact of its general, and not of its particular applicability alone. Indeed, I believe, if it were possible to find a character in the compass of nature's actuality, perfectly unique, and altogether unlike the rest of the world; and if that character so found were delineated with the utmost fidelity and spirit, it would meet with but little popular acceptance; some few individuals, philosophically disposed and habituated to reflection, might examine it as a psychological curiosity; but the multitude would have no appetite for it. We all like the delineation of people of importance, especially if the importance be assumed, for by laughing at the pretensions of others, we seem to establish our own. The world, notwithstanding all the fault that has been found with it by those who never made a world themselves, is exquisitely well arranged, so that every one may, from some cause or other, feel himself to be of some importance, even as the physical constitution of the material globe is such, that each individual feels himself to be on the top of it, and no one seems to be sticking to its sides, or hanging head downwards from its bottom, like a fly walking upon a ceiling.

EPICRAM FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

On a self-named Philosopher.

That Bitō is wise all his neighbours declare,  
And I'll not deny it, to grieve him;  
He calls himself such, and the talent is rare  
That prevails upon men to believe him.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE  
AND ART.

THE 'Pleasures of Memory,' with all its splendid embellishments, is nearly ready. The drawings and engravings have been carefully kept from the public eye, so that when they come they will have the charm of novelty—We, however, were some time since so far favoured, as to be permitted to peep into a portfolio that contained more than sixty of these choice treasures, and can therefore confidently announce that the work will be most beautiful—superior, we think, even to the 'Italy.' Turner is equal to himself; and Stothard, for whom, considering his great age, we had some fears, has in many exquisite designs, surpassed even his former grace and beauty.

The new edition of Crabbe is also in a forward state: the illustrations by Stanfield are sure to have truth and elegance to recommend them, and the Memoir, by the poet's son, comes with the sanction of the family.

The landscape illustrations for the new edition of Burns, are also in the hands of the engraver: two are from the north of Scotland, viz. 'The Birks of Aberfeldy,' and 'Taymouth': the others are from Ayrshire and Nithsdale. 'The Braes of Ballochmyle,' 'The Castle of Montgomery,' 'The Vale of Nith,' 'Lincluden College,' and 'Dumfries Town and River,' are all subjects of great natural beauty. An admirable portrait of Burns is also nearly finished; it is said to have as much of the character of the man, and more of the poet, than any head which has hitherto appeared.

The fifth volume of Mr. Tytler's 'History of Scotland,' will appear early in the spring. It embraces the period between 1497 and 1548; and the Battle of Flodden, the Domination and Fall of the Douglasses, the efforts of Henry the Eighth to reduce Scotland under his Dominion, the introduction of the Reformed religion, the Martyrdom of Wishart, the Career and Assassination of Cardinal Beaton, are among the subjects included. We are informed, that Mr. Tytler has had access to a large mass of valuable materials, preserved in the State Paper Office, unexplored by any preceding historian, including the Deliberations of the English ministers regarding the affairs of Scotland, the Instructions and Letters of the English Sovereigns, the Communications of Ambassadors and Envoys to the Scottish Court, the Private Letters of the Kings of Scotland, and the nobility, to the English Monarchs, and the intelligence of Spies and Borderers, who from time to time transmitted reports of the state of the country. To the full examination and use of these papers, Mr. Tytler has been admitted by the order of Lord Melbourne.

A report is generally current, and will, we believe, turn out substantially correct, that Laporte will have the Opera—that the booksellers connected with the establishment have agreed to advance a part, if not the whole, of the sum required to secure to the trustees the rental of the theatre.

Signor Mateucci, of Forlì, has communicated to the Académie des Sciences, an account of his having succeeded in reducing oxygen gas to the state of a liquid. The means employed were pressure and extreme cold. Particulars are to be given at the next meeting of the Society.

The following is an extract from the letter of a Paris correspondent:—"Victor Hugo's tragedy on the subject of our Queen Mary, was produced last night, Thursday 7th, but as the author reserved to himself the use of all tickets, and consequently filled the house with his friends, I defer giving an account of its fate or merits, till a fairer opportunity of judging is afforded to myself and to the public."

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

The following communications were read at the meeting of Wednesday the 6th instant:—

1. Extracts of a letter from Sir W. Gell to Mr. Hamilton, containing an account of a discovery made by Mr. Wilkinson in Egypt, which puts an end to the various speculations that have so long engaged the learned world, respecting the method by which the celebrated statue of Memnon was rendered vocal. Mr. W. found, upon a strict examination, that the mysterious sounds were produced by means of a sonorous stone, fixed within the breast of the figure, which a person, placed for that purpose in a concealed niche, struck with a piece of iron.

2. A letter addressed to Mr. Hamilton by Mr. Dawkins, dated Napoli di Romania. Mr. Dawkins writes, that the Athenians had been engaged in removing from the Parthenon the remains of old Turkish buildings with which it was encumbered; and that they had met with several perfect fragments of the sculptured frieze hitherto unknown, a very beautiful metope, &c. Two inscriptions had likewise been discovered in the vicinity of the Temple. A copy of one of these, belonging to the best time, was exhibited, with a corresponding version in the common cursive character, a conjectural restoration, and remarks by Mr. Christopher Wordsworth. It is a decree of the Athenian people, engraved B.C. 353-4, conferring certain public honours on Audolion, King of Pæonia, for services rendered to the republic, in that interesting period of Grecian history, when the rival powers of Athens and Macedonia being brought into collision, would naturally endeavour each to secure the services of their respective neighbours as allies.

To Mr. Wordsworth's learned commentaries on this inscription, some curious remarks were added by Mr. Hamilton, relative to the identity and life of the Pæonian sovereign, who is the subject of the decree.

Two other Greek inscriptions, accompanied with illustrative observations, were likewise laid before the meeting by Mr. Hamilton. The first of these was found at Cranii, in Cephalonia: it is apparently composed of proper names, and is very ancient. The other is now at Athens, in the possession of Mr. Finlay.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

This Society have recommended their meetings, and the illustrations on the plan of last session were opened on Tuesday evening, by John Lindley, Professor of Botany, London University, 'On the Causes and Prevention of Mildew.' He commenced by stating, that his observations would only apply to that disease of plants caused by parasitical fungi, to which alone the name "mildew" could be correctly assigned; and that all other maladies so designated in common parlance, would be left out of consideration. Mildew, thus defined, was said to be caused by the attacks of two essentially different kinds of fungi, the one growing upon the surface of leaves and stems; the other, generated in their inside, and only showing themselves when they burst through the cuticle to shed their seed, and multiply themselves; while the former appear to be connected with a sickly state of the plant attacked: the latter are often, undoubtedly, caused by excessive vigour; and hence the great importance of distinguishing between the two kinds; because, what would be a cure for the former, might be, as in fact it is, an augmentation of the latter. Another consideration connected with this distinction of superficial internal mildews, is the vulgar opinion, that mildew may be communicated by mere contact; a circumstance, the probability of which would depend in a great degree upon the particular nature of the fungus; if of a su-

perficul kind, it would, no doubt, propagate by mere contact; but, if internal, it could scarcely increase, except by falling on the soil, mixing with the earth, and thus gaining access to the roots, through the young and tender points of which it might be drawn, along with the fluid food of plants, into the general circulation, and thus conveyed to the extremities.

The two classes of mildew were illustrated by drawings. The superficial kinds are shown to consist, in many cases, of cells of different figures adhering to each other, and to the surface of the green parts of plants, as, 1. the *Cylindrosporium concentricum*, which forms circular grey patches of short free cylindrical cells upon the leaves of the cabbage; 2. the *Acrosporium moniloides*, which overruns the rose, the gourd, and many plants in the form of a white web, composed of spherical cells, adhering like the beads of a necklace; and, 3. the genus *Botrytis*, which resembles the latter to the naked eye, but is really of a more complicated structure, its cells adhering as erect and branched threads, at the points of the ramifications of which are little spherical cases, containing minute seeds, which are scattered over the surface of the plant, by the bursting of their cases. Others, as the *Erysiphe*, were described as little oval brown bodies, filled with oval cases of seeds, and emitting an abundance of white spawn, which overruns the stems of leaves of plants, sometimes in such quantity, as in the mildew of the peach, as to form a covering as thick as cotton linen, when it is called *Erysiphe pannosa*; to this class, the mildew of the pea is to be referred.

Of the internal kinds, the genera *puccinia*, which infests the straw of corn, the leaves of the rose, and other plants; *æcidium*, which attacks flowers, fruit, leaves, and stems, indiscriminately, bursting through their skins in the form of a little ragged pouch; *uredo*, whose ravages are so fatal to the farmer, in the form of pepper-brand, and some others, were illustrated. The mention of these afforded an opportunity of alluding to the opinion among farmers, that the mildew of wheat is caused by that of the berberry; and the apparently physical impossibility of this being true, was explained by contrasting drawings of the *puccinia graminum*, which mildews corn, and the *æcidium berberidis*, by which berberry blight is occasioned.

Two different opinions are said to exist, as to the manner in which parasitical fungi are reproduced: the first, that there is a matter of vegetation pervading all nature, which may be developed as a fungus, a lichen, or a conferva, according to the peculiar circumstances, or *cosmic momenta*, as they say; under which the reproductive matter is first stimulated into life; the second, that the infinitely minute seeds of mildew-plants are dispersed all over nature, in air, in earth, and in water, and that each species is ready to spring into life whenever it falls in a suitable matrix; the latter view was considered by Dr. L. to be, on the whole, more philosophical than the former, which is, in fact, only the doctrine of equivocal generation in a new form.

Finally, the lecture was concluded by stating, that while superficial mildews were often capable of being either arrested or removed by irrigation, or any other means of increasing the vigour of the plants affected, the internal species were greatly multiplied, and their effects excessively aggravated by such a plan; that highly stimulating manures, or copious watering should be avoided; and that, in fact, the only method of cure which had yet been discovered, was steeping seeds before sowing in lime water, for twelve hours, and then drying them in the air. This method was said, on the authority of Mr. Bauer, not only to destroy the mildew in diseased grains, but to be a certain preventive to its being taken.

## ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

THIS Society held its first meeting for the season on Monday evening, when the royal premium for 1833, was presented to Captain Ross. The chair was filled by F. Hamilton, Esq., who addressed the veteran navigator, in a brief but judicious manner, expressing the high sense which the Society had of his merits, and alluding in eloquent terms to the singular fortunes of the expedition. He mentioned, among other circumstances not generally known, that so entirely had the relatives of Capt. Ross lost all hopes of his return, that they had even opened his will. He referred to the skill and care requisite to preserve the health and lives of a crew in long voyages—the chief theme of the panegyric addressed to Capt. Cook, by Sir J. Pringle, the President of the Royal Society, and justly remarked, that such skill and care were never exerted under more difficult circumstances, nor with more wonderful success, than in the late expedition. He then proceeded to pronounce a warm and well-merited eulogium on the second officer of the *Victory*, Commander (now Captain) J. Ross. This young officer accompanied his uncle, in the first expedition to Lancaster Sound in 1818. He likewise accompanied Capt. Parry in his three voyages; and, in the last of them, when it was resolved to abandon the *Fury*, he was the officer directed to stow away her provisions. After the lapse of four years, he was again led to the same spot by a singular chain of events, and recovered those very stores and provisions, without which, the expedition would have been ruined. "Capt. J. Ross," continued Mr. Hamilton, "having spent thirteen summers and eight winters in the Arctic regions, is now happily returned to us, to communicate the results of his geographical and scientific researches, in the full possession of health, youth, and experience; of a well-earned and widely extended fame."—The meeting was unusually numerous, and much enthusiastic feeling was manifested by it in the course of the evening.—The Geographical Society goes on prosperously. While its prizes are bestowed on such men as Lander, Biscoe, and Ross, it is itself illustrated by the honours which emanate from it.

## MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 12.—The first meeting of this Society for the ensuing session, took place at its apartments in Sackville-street. In the absence of the noble President, Earl Stanhope, the chair was taken by Dr. Chowne, who briefly adverted to the success of the labours of the association, and expressed his gratification at seeing at the first meeting so many of its most valuable members. Dr. Sigmond, as Honorary Secretary, then addressed the Society, upon the well-deserved reputation it had gained both on the Continent and at home, which was best exemplified by the numerous presents which were now laid on the table, amongst these, was a collection of all the new alkalis discovered by the French chemists in vegetable medicinal substances, and which were the result of the labours of the celebrated Pelletier; there were engravings of disease affecting grain in India, presented by Dr. Tytler, and specimens of various medicinal preparations from almost all quarters of the globe. He then narrated many of the interesting discoveries, facts, and opinions, which had been promulgated since the close of the last session. He congratulated the Society on its award of its medal to Dr. Rousseau, for his discovery of *ilicine*; the French government had added its confirmation of the opinion which the members had formed, by directing it should be employed in the army as a cheap, certain, and efficacious substitute for quinine.

The lobelia, which had been brought before the Society, had also been universally received by the medical profession, and its utility as a specific in spasmodic asthma was confirmed.

The guaco, although it had failed in hydrophobia, had been found a cure for epilepsy and St. Vitus dance.

He then directed attention to Mr. Laming's process for obtaining prussic acid of a more certain and fixed strength, in consequence of which, it can now be employed with safety in the cure of disease. The sedative powers of the white ash had been tried, but the most singular influence it had been proved to possess, was that of preventing the rattle-snake discharging its venom, and rendering it totally harmless. He read a singular narrative of an experiment made in America upon one of these reptiles, which fully confirmed the fact. He then adverted to the opinions which have recently been brought before the public by Dr. Tytler, who asserts that the cholera morbus which broke out in the autumn of the year 1817, for the first time, in India, and the first case of which was seen and treated by him, was owing to the employment for food of the rice harvest, then cutting in Bengal; that he then first demonstrated the fact, and he has since been convinced of its truth. The Secretary proceeded to comment upon the well-known deleterious effects of disease in grain, and alluded to one epidemic described by many authors, and to which the name of *Raphania* had been given, but which Linnaeus demonstrated to arise from an altered state of the grain on which those who were affected by the disease had been accustomed to live. He alluded too to gangrene being the consequence of living upon diseased rye, or its ergot.

The next point on which he touched, was the observations that had been made on the manna of Briançon, and the manna of Sicily—the latter, however, was to be obtained in such large quantities, that it could not be supplanted by the French manna, which was very sparingly produced. He then described the adulterations which had been observed in arrow root, and pointed out the means by which the true might be distinguished from the spurious, which was sometimes formed from the fecula of the potato, at others from rice. He concluded a long address, by calling upon every member to furnish the Society with some addition to its knowledge, and to assist it in its views. He was happy to say, that the heads of the medical departments of the army and navy took a warm interest in their proceedings, and forwarded their views to the utmost extent of their power.—Dr. Tytler then addressed the meeting, and dwelt upon the poisonous effects on the animal system of deleterious rice, and detailed the facts which led him to believe that cholera had arisen from it; he likewise observed, that with regard to what had been stated of the effect of the white ash upon the rattle-snake, he had observed the most extraordinary influence produced upon the cobra de capello, by the branches of other trees. The power of arresting their muscular action was most extraordinary, and almost appeared the effect of magic.

The Society, after some general observations, adjourned to the 20th.

Westminster Medical Society, Nov. 9.—Professor Burnet in the Chair.—Dr. Gregory drew the attention of the Society to the 'Influence of the Atmosphere on the due Development of Eruptive Diseases.' In connexion with this subject, an interesting conversation subsequently arose on the sanatory influence of our climate on pulmonary disease, as well as the comparative salubrity of Britain and the North of Europe and of Italy and the South. In answer to questions put by Drs. Addison, Johnson, Webster, Mr. Chinnock, and others, Mr. Preston stated, that he had, during a residence of three years in the Azores, only known three persons to die of consumption—that he had never remarked the thermometer to vary three degrees within the twenty-four hours—that he did not re-



collect it to have been ever above seventy-five degrees, or below fifty—that, notwithstanding the gross ignorance and malpractice of the native physicians, extreme senility was commonly observed—that, in the convents, nuns were repeatedly met with at the age of ninety and ninety-six, and that chronic diseases were of very rare occurrence.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Phrenological Society .....	Eight, P.M.
	Medical Society .....	Eight, P.M.
	Harveian Society .....	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	Linnæan Society .....	Eight, P.M.
	Geological Society .....	P. 8, P.M.
WED.	Royal Society of Literature .....	Three, P.M.
	Society of Arts .....	P. 7, P.M.
	Royal Society .....	P. 8, P.M.
THU.	Society of Antiquaries .....	Eight, P.M.
SAT.	Westminster Medical Society .....	Eight, P.M.

*Paris Academy of Sciences, Nov. 4.*—The sitting was chiefly taken up with a report upon a letter written from Brazil, by M. Douville—that doughty and veracious traveller, who passed through the interior of Africa, as he himself related, at the head of an armed suite of 200 men. The report was drawn up in solemn irony of his pretensions and his discoveries.

The Natural and Agricultural History of *Mais*, (Indian corn,) by M. Bonafour, occupied the rest of the sitting: the work was highly approved of by the Academy.

THEATRICALS  
COVENT GARDEN.

If anything can wake the sleeping public to a recollection that such a place still exists as the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, and inoculate them with a wish, which they used to have naturally, to go there, it will assuredly be the new opera of 'Gustavus the Third,' as written by Mr. Planché, and produced on Wednesday evening. We are no advocates for the eternal system of producing foreign operas to the exclusion of the works of English composers, but once in a blue moon such a thing may be allowed. At all events, whether we allow it or not, it has been done this time; and so admirably done, that objection, if we were inclined to make it, is effectually silenced. Covent Garden, always famous for spectacle, has, upon the present occasion, thrown all its former successes into shade. Those productions which we thought splendid before, now twinkle in our mind's eye like rush-lights, when compared with the gas of 'Gustavus the Third.' In short, we have been interested and delighted, and when that is the case we are ever ready to say so. We shall not give the plot of the opera, because it has been published in all the daily papers; but we cannot omit a tribute to Mr. Planché, whose good taste and skill are eminently conspicuous in all the departures he has made from the French original. Why the French author thought fit to outrage historical truth, when the facts were far more dramatic than the fiction he has substituted, we know not; it is enough for us that the senseless innovations have been rejected, and that Mr. Planché has proved himself, not merely a clever dramatist, for that was known before, but well entitled to the F.S.A., which comes after his name. The overture is very beautiful; and it was led by Mr. T. Cooke, and played by his brethren in a true philharmonic style. The music is good throughout, and abounds in melody. The songs are rather lengthy, and in one or two cases dull; but the choruses are spirited as the fondest admirer of 'Massaniello' could wish, and they were given with a precision and effect which merits unlimited praise. That which closes the first act, in particular, wound the audience up to a pitch of enthusiasm rarely equalled. The singers generally did their best, but we cannot assert that they were all quite equal to the tasks assigned them. We will not, however, be too critical on

a first night, and especially on one where so much expectation was raised. There was nothing which care and attention may not set right, and these will doubtless be given. We never remember to have seen Mr. H. Phillips to so much advantage upon the stage. His singing is too well known to need comment, and we have therefore only to add that he invested the part of *Ankarstrom* (Ankerstroem we thought it was, but we defer to Mr. Planché) with a degree of interest and manly feeling which would have made it stand its ground well without the powerful aid of his musical talent. If we are to point out to marked attention any other pieces of music, we mention this gentleman's pathetic song in the second act, and the trio by him and Messrs. Seguin and Wilson. The dresses were magnificent, and, bating some little necessary concessions to scenic effect, strictly correct. The scenery is (where are we to find more epithets of praise?) exquisite throughout, and the last scene surpasses, not only in grandeur, but in chasteness and elegance, all that we have ever beheld either on our own or on the Parisian stage. The costumes of the various nations and the fancy dresses were capital; but why were two men in the London half-dress of the present day allowed to obtrude themselves upon notice in one of the boxes on the stage? And why had we a Napoleon Bonaparte (Emperor!) figuring away at a masquerade in Stockholm in 1792? These were the only two eye-sores, and the latter must assuredly have been a part of the settlement on Covent Garden Theatre upon the occasion of its marriage with Drury Lane. These annoyances may, however, and we suppose will, be removed, and then an entertainment will be left, which it is in our power to recommend, as at once the most splendid and most gratifying of its sort ever placed upon the English stage.

MISCELLANEA

*Raphael's Remains.*—This discovery has been already briefly alluded to in the daily journals. The following particulars are from a letter written by Signor Tibby to M. Quatremere de Quincy.—It is well known that the Academy of St. Luke, as the academy of painting is called at Rome, has been for a century in the habit of showing a skull, which they pretend to be that of Raphael. The circumstance of the Academy's possessing it, was explained by saying, that when Carlo Maratti employed Nardini to produce a bust of the artist for the Pantheon, he had contrived to open the tomb of the great artist, and extract the skull, to serve as a model for the sculptor's labours. Considerable doubts, however, were cast on the authenticity of the skull, and an authentic document, discovered about two years back, clearly proved the cranium to have belonged not to Raphael, but to Don Desiderio de Adintorlo, founder of the Society of the Virtuosi of the Pantheon in 1542. This Society, in consequence, claimed the head of its founder from the Academy of St. Luke, which indignantly resisted the claim, and upheld the skull in its possession to have been veritably that of Raphael. The Society of Virtuosi, after some delay and consideration, summoned the chief members of the Painting Academy, to aid in a search after the tomb and remains of Raphael d'Urbino. Taking as their guide the descriptions given by Vasari, in his *Lives of Raffaele and Lorenzetto*, the commission of research began their explorations by excavating the earth under the statue of the Virgin in the Pantheon. Nor was it long before they were stopped by a piece of masonry, in the form of a grave. Sinking through this for about a foot and a half, they found a void; and supposing, with justice, this to be the depository which they sought, it was opened in all solemnity, before the chief magistrates and personages of Rome. When the

surface was cleared, a coffin displayed itself, with a skeleton extended within, covered over with a slight coat of dust and rubbish, formed in part by the garments, and the lid of the coffin, that had mouldered. It was evident that the tomb had never been opened, and consequently, that the skull, possessed and shown by the Academy of St. Luke, was spurious. But the dispute was forgotten in the interest and enthusiasm excited by the discovery of the true and entire remains. The first care was, to gather up the dust and the skeleton, in order to their being replaced in a new mausoleum. Amid the mouldering fragments of the coffin, which was of pine-wood, and adorned with paintings, were found a *stelletta* of iron, being a kind of spur, with which Raphael had been decorated by Leo X., some buttons and *fibule*. Pieces of the argil of the Tiber showed that the waters of the river had penetrated into the tomb. The sepulchre had, nevertheless, been carefully built up, the chief cause of the good state of preservation in which the skeleton was found. On the 15th of September, the surgeons proceeded to examine the skeleton, which was declared to be of the masculine sex, and of small dimensions, measuring seven palms, five ounces, and three minutes, (five feet, two inches, three lines French measure). In the skull, which has been mouldered, may be traced the lineaments of Raphael, as painted in his School of Athens: the neck long, the arm and breast delicate, the hollow of the right arm marked by the *apophyse*, a projection of a bone, caused by incessant working with the pencil. The limbs were stout in appearance; and, strange to say, the larynx was intact and still flexible. The Marquis Biondi, President of the Archeological Society, enumerated the proofs and circumstances, showing this to be the tomb and body of Raphael, in the presence of all the learned and celebrated in Rome. He asked, was there a doubt in any one's mind as to their identity? Not one was found to question it.—In the disposing of the remains, the will of Raphael was consulted, and his wishes again followed. They are to be replaced in a leaden coffin, and more solidly entombed in the same spot where they were found. From the 20th to the 24th, the remains were exposed to the Roman public, whose enthusiasm and tears may be imagined by those who know them. The 18th of October is fixed for the day of the great artist's second funeral, on which occasion the Pantheon was to be brilliantly illuminated.

Several highly interesting electro-magnetic experiments were exhibited on Thursday evening at the National Gallery of Practical Science, in the presence of a numerous assemblage of scientific and literary gentlemen. The instruments used were a French magnet, made by M. Pixit, under the direction of the Count di Predevalli, which rotates vertically in contact with a soft iron horse-shoe keeper, the latter being fixed; and, the celebrated apparatus, prepared for the proprietors of the establishment by Mr. Saxton, which differs from the former in having the magnet fixed and horizontal, while the keeper is made to revolve. The former instrument was superintended by Mr. Watkins, of Charing Cross, the latter by Mr. Saxton in person. The same series of experiments were then gone through with each. Mr. Saxton's had the advantage in power, and in being in a more perfect condition—the other had been somewhat shaken and disarranged by transportation. The spark was obtained more vividly, and water decomposed more powerfully by the former, but the Count was more successful in charging a Leyden phial with the magnetic fluid, as was indicated by a very sensible gold-leaf electrometer. This experiment being perfectly new in this country, excited much attention. Mr. Saxton was not uniformly successful in repeating it; once, how-

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ever, we observed the divergence of the gold leaves complete. His failure, in other cases, may, perhaps, be attributed to some unskillfulness in manipulation, arising from the novelty of the experiment; it was also suggested, that something might depend on the fact of the Count's wires being in one unbroken piece, while Mr. Saxton's consisted of fourteen pieces of twenty inches each.—Messrs. Faraday, Turner, Daniell, Lardner, and other scientific characters, who were present, all expressed themselves highly satisfied with the results of the experiments.

**Parker's Patent Steam Coffee Pot.**—It is strange that in England, where from their infinite variety we should imagine that every man must have his own peculiar patent coffee pot, it is a rare thing indeed to get a good cup of coffee; while our continental neighbours, who are content to use any pot, pipkin, or saucepan which may chance first to come to hand, hardly ever serve you with a bad one. We are persuaded that this arises in a great degree from the Excise regulations: in France every man roasts his own coffee, and just so much at a time as is wanted; whereas in England it must be done by some licensed person, and the consequence is, that, unless there is a very quick demand, the coffee used is "stale, flat, and unprofitable." If this opinion be correct, there is no improvement in the mere manufacture that can greatly improve the quality; but as some, like ourselves, may be careful to have the berry fresh roasted, and particular in their "brewage," we recommend such to try this steam-fountain pot, which we have had for a month in use to our perfect satisfaction.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Week.	Thermom.	Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
Thur. 7	52 34	29.96	SW. to Var.	Rain.
Frid. 8	49 36	29.45	N.W.	Cloudy.
Sat. 9	46 35	29.75	N.W. to Var.	Ditto.
Sun. 10	53 43	29.85	S.W.	Ditto.
Mon. 11	53 37	29.98	S.W.	Ditto.
Tues. 12	52 30	30.00	N.W.	Foggy.
Wed. 13	50 30	30.08	S.E.	Ditto.

**Prevailing Clouds.**—Cirrostratus, Cirrocumulus. Mean temperature of the week, 41° 5. Greatest variation, 25°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.63. Mornings fair. Nights fair except on Thursday.—Day decreased on Wednesday 7 h. 35 m.

**NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.**  
Gale Middleton, by the Author of 'Brambletye House.' The Celebrated Women of all Countries. Progressive Exercises in English Composition, by R. G. Parker.

**Just published.**—Richard's Daily Remembrancer, for 1824, 3s. 6d.—Peter Simple, by the Author of 'The King's Own,' 3 vols. 12. 11s. 6d.—Record Commission, Rotuli Litterarum Clausurarum, Vol. 1, fol. 5f. 5s.—Montagu's Bard of the Sea-Kings, and other Poems, 4s.—Wallis's Geographia and Pharsalia, from the Latin, 2s.—Jardine's Naturalist's Library, Vol. III. Humming Birds, Vol. 2, 6s.—Heyne's Homer's Iliad, 8vo. 15s.—Biblia Hebraica, from the Text of Vanderhoof, 14. 1s.—Bickeneth's Sermons on the Advent, 1s. 6d.—Rev. H. Gipp's Sermons, 8vo. 12s.—The Latter Days, by Mrs. Spewwood, 8vo. 4s. 6d.—Rev. T. Jones's True Christian, 3s. 6d.—Memorials of Two Sisters, 5s.—A Tableau of French Literature, 8vo. 5s.—An Account of Van Diemen's Land, 12mo. 4s.—Maccoll's Canal Navigation, 4to. 7s.—Sacred Poetry, for the Use of Young Persons, 5s.—The Grammar of Astrology, by Zadkiel, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—The Prediction, 3 vols. 12. 11s. 6d.—Whittingham's Edition of Scott's Theological Works, 8s.—Hamden of the Nineteenth Century, 2 vols. 8vo. 12. 10s.—Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt, 8vo. 12s.—Ovid's Fasti, with Notes by Keightley, 7s. 6d.—Alcala's Spanish Grammar, 12mo. 6s.—The Reform, by Galt, 8vo. 9s.—Harrison on the Mixture of Water Colours, 2s. 6d.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Priscian Query* is, no doubt, right: he reads and writes at leisure, and can afford time to be critical. We have received a very sensible letter, signed, 'A Reducé,' suggesting, that subscriptions should be opened in country towns, as well as in London, for the widow of Belzoni. We regret to say, we have not yet heard that steps have been taken to receive subscriptions anywhere, although nearly every paper in London copies Lady Morgan's letter, and thereby drew public attention to her distressed situation. Surely some persons who have a little leisure will put themselves actively forward on such an occasion.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS

**MESSRS. GOSS and Co., Surgeons,** have removed from their late residence in Bourne-street, to No. 7, LANCASTER-PLACE, Strand, near Waterloo Bridge, where all Letters are to be addressed.

**PROMOTER LIFE ASSURANCE and ANNUITY COMPANY,** 9, Chatham-place, Blackfriars, London.

The Premiums of this Office are lower than any offered to the Public, as the subjoined specimens will show, both for short terms and the whole period of Life.

AGE.	ONE YEAR.	SEVEN YEARS.	WHOLE LIFE.
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30	1 1 5	1 3 6	2 2 2
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Assurers may contract, at the time of taking out their Policies, to pay their Premiums in any way most suitable to their circumstances and convenience. Officers in the Army and Navy when in active service, Persons afflicted with chronic and other diseases, and such as are going beyond the limits of Europe, are also Assured at moderate Rates. Prospectuses and all necessary information may be obtained at the Office.

Proposals can be passed daily. **MICHAEL SAWARD, Secretary.**

**OFFICIAL.**—By Authority of Parliament, the second Glasgow Lottery will be drawn at Coopers' Hall, in the City of London, on Wednesday, the 22nd January next. The Scheme, which may be had gratis at all the Lottery Offices, contains Prizes of

£15,000	£3,000	£1,000
£10,000	£2,000	£500
£5,000	£1,500	£c. &c.

The value of each Prize may be received IN MONEY as soon as drawn, if preferred.

#### WESTMINSTER CHESS CLUB.

**THIS CLUB** already comprises nearly one hundred members; and, to the lover of Chess, combines the leading advantages of an ordinary Club, with those to be derived from constant opportunities of practice, with players of every grade of strength. The yearly subscription is two guineas; entrance, six guineas. Every proper facility of introduction is offered to such amateurs as may wish to become members, and the printed laws may be had at the Rooms.—No. 20, Bedford-street, Covent-garden.

**GEORGE WALKER, Hon. Sec.**

#### Sales by Auction.

By Messrs. SOUTHGATE, GRIMSTON, and WELLS, at their Rooms, 22, Fleet-street, in the course of this month,

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